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A Strong Smell From the Seychelles

Archbishop Makarios looking round his island home in the Indian Ocean may well reflect on the ironic workings of imperial policy which have transformed him overnight from leading actor in the political drama of Cyprus to passive (if, perhaps, impatient) spectator of the low comedy now being enacted in the Seychelles. Few British people occupy a similar vantage point from which to watch and criticise. The Seychelles Islands produce no oil; they are a long way off, small and tricky to pronounce. But for the work of a small group of Labour M.P.s who forced this week's Commons debate, it is pretty certain that the Colonial Secretary would not have devoted an hour's attention this year to their problems.

And that is a pity. For there are many aspects of life in this island paradise which claim the attention of us all. Take, for instance, Mr. M. D. Lyon, who used to play cricket for Cambridge and Somerset, as well as writing the lyrics for Charlot's reviews. In 1948 the Labour government appointed him Chief Justice of the Seychelles. Now the justice which Mr. Lyon dispenses does not commend itself to all who are subject to it. Some indeed have been bold enough to petition the Colonial Secretary for his removal. The full grounds of this petition are still somewhat obscure. A most responsible Labour M.P., himself a lawyer of repute, claimed in the Commons last week that, in the view of "a large number of leading citizens both black and white," Mr. Lyon was "drunk, incompetent, vicious and corrupt". Other Labour members suggested an all-party parliamentary delegation or a formal inquiry by the Colonial Secretary as means of dealing with the matter.

Mr. Lennox-Boyd said no to both delegation and inquiry. He had the assurance of the governor, "in whom I have full trust," that there was no truth in the charges. Some Labour M.P.s, alas, seem to have less confidence in the governor. It is not complained of Sir William Addis that he did not play cricket for Somerset or write popular songs; and it is socially to his credit that he was at Rugby and Cambridge with Mr. Lyon. The complaint is that he does not seem to be a very good governor, and thus his judgment of what constitutes a good Chief Justice may be fallible.

Wednesday's debate in the Commons raised issues which must cause considerable anxiety about the government of the colony. There is, for instance, the auditors' report "on the accounts of the Government of the Seychelles Islands" for 1954—the last year covered—published earlier this year. Stuffy official language does not conceal an extraordinary state of affairs: the keeping of accounts is "not wholly satisfactory": in the education, labour and medical departments a satisfactory audit was impossible as the books were not properly kept: checks against irregularity and fraud were found to be inadequate: customs duty on rum in casks had been wrongly computed for years because the customs department had not a correct hydrometer or spirit conversion tables: irregularities resulting in overpayment of official salaries had been retrospectively approved.

Add to this pattern of administration the fact that labour relations are bad; that wages are deplorably low—a man working more than 33½ hours a week may earn as little as £2 12s. 6d. *a month*; and that there is bitter racial, colour and religious friction among the French planters, Indians, Chinese and Africans, who, under a British administration, compose the population of this unhappy colony. Surely there are grounds for a good look into the whole administration of the Seychelles.

The Commons debate, however, could not within the rules of procedure deal adequately with the special case of Mr. Lyon, which remains one of particular urgency. Mr. Lennox-Boyd can surely see that, against the murky background of the Seychelles, the governor's *ipse dixit* does not dispose of the allegations. It is grossly unfair to Mr. Lyon himself, who cannot debate with his accusers, that the matter should be left where it is. In fairness to all an immediate judicial inquiry seems the only satisfactory solution.

Comments on the Week's News

Strike in Suspense

The main struggle between the B.M.C. and the unions stands adjourned while the strikers take their annual holiday, but marginal engagements continue. By prompt strike action, the Briggs workers persuaded the Ford Motor Company to withdraw the 2,400 provisional notices given to men whose work requires a small component supplied by a B.M.C. subsidiary. But, despite this withdrawal, the Briggs strike is nominally to continue over the holidays in an attempt to secure a pledge from Ford's that there will be prior consultation on redundancy in future and that no further attempt will be made to dismiss men affected by the B.M.C. dispute. The N.U.R., moreover, has joined the footplate men in "blacking" supplies moving to and products moving from B.M.C. plants—a decision that, with the boycott imposed by the transport workers and dockers, will probably suffice to close down B.M.C. completely after the holidays. For the first time in many years, the whole union movement is taking widespread sympathetic action, and many unions unconnected with the dispute have made substantial donations to the strike funds. This support will undoubtedly strengthen the central strike committee in the discussions that it is now having with Sir Wilfred Neden, the chief industrial commissioner of the Ministry of Labour. The unions no doubt believe that the minister's intervention is in itself an important tactical victory, and they are unlikely to call off the strike and agree to negotiations without a concession of some kind from the B.M.C. Indeed, the effective point of the strike is to induce the B.M.C. to negotiate at all.

On the Mark

Congress has adjourned, the Democrats pack for Chicago and the Republicans for San Francisco. Mr. Kefauver, with his gaze fixed on the vice-presidential nomination, has withdrawn in favour of Mr. Stevenson. Mr. Stassen, his gaze now averted from the vice-presidential nomination, has made Mr. Nixon's nomination more certain and, by his ill-planned and brashly executed manœuvre, done nothing but give the Democrats some ammunition for their "a vote for Ike is a vote for Nixon" campaign. The parties, in short, are now on their marks for a race that seems to run straight to a predictable result. The odds, at present, are on a contest between an Eisenhower-Nixon ticket and Stevenson plus one of a number of possibles—Kefauver, Harriman, Governor Clements of Tennessee or, a risk that has not been run since Al Smith was beaten, a Catholic such as Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts. In such a contest, moreover, the odds are on the Republicans. But there is a chance which might bring the Democrats home in a close finish. If Stevenson can hold the South, add most of the farm states that Truman carried in 1948, and capture any two of four key states—New York, California, Illinois and Ohio—he is within striking distance of victory. And in the first three of these, at least, there is a substantial independent vote of exactly the kind that will be worried by the President's ill-health and the possibility of Nixon's accession. The Democrats seem certain to win Congress again, and in one or two states there are important congressional contests that might help tip the balance to the national Democratic ticket in a close-run finish. Governor Lausche's campaign for Senator in Ohio is a case in point.

How Much for How Many?

The difference on conscription between the two parties was clearly defined in Tuesday's debate. The government wants to reduce the size of the armed forces by stages, and intends to reduce the number of conscripts, first by postponing the call-up date for each age group and then, as Mr. Macleod indicated, by introducing some form of selective service, in which exemptions might be given by occupation, by local draft boards, by hardship or by ballot. Selective service is unacceptable to the Labour Party, on grounds of fairness, and it has chosen to demand even smaller forces than those proposed by the government and to put forward a plan for ending conscription within four years. While this plan will be popular within the Labour movement and even with the electorate, it is, as Mr. George Brown conceded, a calculated risk. For, as Mr. Macleod pointed out, a total strength of 450,000 in the armed forces, all regulars, assumes that one out of every six boys reaching military age will be willing to sign on for ten years. Put in these terms, it is clear that very substantial inducements will have to be offered if anything like this level of enlistment is to be achieved, and that the cost in terms of service pay, allowances, living conditions and specialist training is likely to be high. How high it is impossible at this stage to guess. There is no difficulty about abolishing conscription. The question is how much it will cost to avoid abolishing the armed forces altogether.

Democratising France's Colonies

Although the French government is still conducting a repressive policy in Algeria, the recently promulgated "framework law" dealing with French overseas territories marks an important step forward. The law lays down a series of principles for the introduction of local self-government in the colonies, and gives the government wide powers to vary their application in individual territories. Broadly speaking, it provides for the extension of the powers of already existing local assemblies, and for the creation of *Conseils de Gouvernement* (Executive Councils) which will participate, in varying degrees, in the administration. It introduces two important principles: direct, universal suffrage, and single electoral colleges; and it also provides for the recruitment of Africans to the overseas civil service. How quickly the law will succeed in extending the very limited area of self-government in the colonies depends on the honesty and speed with which it is applied. Hitherto, constitutional reform in the colonies has proved a slow business, partly because of the complexity and power of the overseas bureaucracy, and partly because the Colonial Ministry has been handicapped, in dealing with situations which vary widely from one colony to another, by the French passion for uniformity. The new law goes a long way towards removing both of these difficulties.

The Cost of the Volta Scheme

The Volta River is a most imaginative attempt to provide the Gold Coast with the economic foundations of a modern state. Its purpose is to construct the largest artificial lake in the world, and to generate power for the production of about one-tenth of the world supply of aluminium. At the same time, it would permit the development of irrigation schemes and a large fish harvest, and thus remove the Gold Coast's dependence upon a single primary crop. Diversification is particularly important for the Gold Coast today in view of the catastrophic fall in the world price of cocoa, which is its main source of revenue. The report of the preparatory commission on the project faces the Gold Coast with a crucial decision at the very outset of its independent existence. The commission has reported that the project is technically sound, but has pointed out that, since it was first proposed, inflationary trends have created financial problems. The Gold Coast and British governments are associated with two aluminium companies, one from Canada and one from Britain. In 1952 it was estimated that the whole scheme would cost £144 million. The new estimate is £231.3 million as a minimum, with a possibility of this rising to £309 million, and it is doubtful whether the companies will increase their contributions proportionately. Approaches have therefore been made to the World Bank. Success in persuading international finance of the soundness of investment in the Gold Coast may well depend on a determined effort by Dr. Nkrumah to prove that he really means to root out corruption and establish national confidence.

The Blackwater Inquiry

The Minister of Fuel and Power's decision to proceed with an atomic power station at Bradwell-juxta-Mare may be both justified and proper. But he has not attempted to justify it. On the contrary, this case gives point to the proposal made by the Labour Party, in its statement *Personal Freedom*, that the inspector in such cases should be a person independent of the ministry concerned, that his report should be available to interested parties—in the case of the Egg Marketing Scheme, indeed, the report has been published—and that the minister should give reasons when he over-rules objections. For, in this case, important questions have been left unanswered. Why, for instance, did the minister disregard the important evidence that the effluent would destroy the oyster-beds, which are among the best in Britain, when a witness from the Central Electricity Authority admitted that the original plan to erect the station in the Crouch-Roach area had been discarded because it would damage oyster-beds belonging to the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries? Has the minister been convinced that 250,000 gallons of fresh water will be available daily to the station without reducing supplies for a district that is already chronically short of water? All that has been done to reassure local interests on this point—apart from a misleading statement by the inspector—is the announcement that the Metropolitan Water Board is considering the future provision of additional water from reserves which the Board has not yet acquired. There is, moreover, the strange fact that the plans for the station went ahead throughout the inquiry, and that work on the site actually started before the minister's decision was announced. There may be good reasons for the decision. But no one knows what they are. No one knows, moreover, whether the minister has accepted or rejected the recommendation made by the inspector. Whatever the merits of this particular project, the real point at issue is one of procedure and principle. And, in this respect, there are good reasons for dissatisfaction.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Providential Crisis

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The French press—with the sole exception of the Communists—is united in its indignation against Colonel Nasser. Indeed, for the French, there is something providential in the Suez crisis. In its vain search for a way out of the Algerian impasse, the government has always been obsessed by two *idées fixes:* the belief that Egypt is supplying arms to the rebels, and the feeling that her own allies are not giving her sufficient support. A so-called "great power" like France cannot admit that she is incapable of overcoming a revolt in one of her nearest possessions, where she has been installed for 125 years; and she considers it humiliating to be forced to negotiate with men she has proclaimed, *urbi et orbi*, to be bandits and outlaws. In these circumstances, Egypt represents a sort of life-belt; if France is forced to negotiate, then she will negotiate with Egypt, which can be assigned to the same role that China played in the Indo-Chinese war. Hence, M. Pineau, on his return from the East, stopped off in Cairo and obtained a guarantee that Egypt would supply no more aid to the Algerians. This promise, unfortunately, has had no serious repercussions on the military situation or, indeed, on the broadcasts from Cairo radio. On the other point—allied support—France has had equally little satisfaction. Naturally, Sir Gladwyn Jebb and Mr. Dillon have pledged the solidarity of their governments. But does this mean anything in practice? The French government is perfectly well aware that her Anglo-Saxon allies have their own game to play in the Arab world, and that they are not prepared to let the Algerian war deprive them of their proper share of the tricks.

The Suez crisis has radically altered the situation on both counts. Egypt is now regarded as a trouble-maker by everyone. Nasser is compared to Hitler. It is now an easy matter to prove that the Algerian rebels are simply the instruments of Egyptian imperialism, and that the war against them is in the national—indeed, international—interest. France is no longer alone in the struggle against the Arab world. Britain is involved too, and perhaps even America. The solidarity of the West has been re-established in France's favour. M. Pineau now sees it as his job to keep things like that, and to dissuade Britain from any attempt at a compromise.

Washington

Ike's Lucky Strike

An American Correspondent writes: The Eisenhower Administration has been allowed to smile its way out of another awkward corner as a result of the settlement of the strike that has been paralysing the American steel industry since the beginning of July. The Republicans are committed to a policy of letting private industry solve its own problems without government interference, and in the steel strike they saw an excellent opportunity of contrasting their sweet reasonableness with the rumpus into which the post-war coal strike dragged Mr. Truman. Although they still have the Taft-Hartley anti-union law hung heavily round their necks, they felt they might be able to emerge from the new dispute as the true friends of labour—to their great advantage in the November elections.

For the first two weeks of the strike there seemed to be no way of heading off serious trouble. Consumers began to hear warnings about impending shortages, and unemployment spread from the steel centres to coalmining areas and elsewhere. But the government held to its hands-off policy. Then suddenly the employers offered terms which, in the view of some unionists, were even better than those the United Steelworkers had at first thought acceptable. The employers dropped their original demand for a five-year no-strike contract, and offered the three-year contract already hinted at by the union. They also offered wage increases, lay-off pay and Sunday overtime along the lines set by the union. Negotiations were quickly resumed.

Until the strike ended government researchers had been gloomily studying the record of the ten steel strikes that Americans have lived through in the last 35 years. They had been weighing the chances of getting through a long strike without seeing the country tipped into a depression. Now they are talking quite cheerfully about the ability of a well-fed American economy to spare four weeks' output of steel without grave injury to anybody. But the steel-makers, who feel that they have paid the price of settling the dispute for the government, are not inclined to dismiss the effect of the strike quite so lightly. With last year's steel profits amounting to more than a billion dollars, and with this year's profits starting out at a still higher rate, the steel industry was hard put to it to convince the public that it was in any kind of distress. Its public-relations forces therefore set about the task of explaining the many calls—apart from half a billion in dividends—that had to be met out of its takings. In the last days of the strike they hit upon the idea of referring to the 8 per cent. earned on their sales turnover as "phantom profits." But at the same time they let it be quite clearly understood that these profits were to be nourished by immediate—but no doubt equally phantasmagorial—increases in steel prices.

Westminster

The Other Abolitionists

Against the background of Suez (and while, upstairs, the Foreign Secretary was telling Conservative backbenchers that Britain would use force if necessary to free the canal) the House of Commons this week considered the possibility of ending national service in Britain. This was not the irresponsibility it seemed; for even the Labour Party, which is pressing most vigorously for abolition, admits that it would take at least four years. And though present tensions are great and are likely to increase in the coming weeks, it is sensible to look some years ahead.

The debate further suggested that, after all, it was sensible of the Labour Party to take a stand on this issue, even before it had worked out the implications of that stand. Few people, if any, want to maintain national service, which leaves so many boys drifting aimlessly for three years between school and call-up, which robs industry of manpower and which yet fails to provide the services with the kind of troops they really want. But, although everyone wants to be rid of it, the obstacles to abolition are so great that many people, with shoulder-shrugging fatalism, are beginning to accept it as a curse which will always be with us. Labour's deliberate acceptance of a risk, however uncalculated, may jolt the government and the service departments into the kind of hard thinking which turns the impossible into the probable.

It is true, I think, that for most of the debate the government, with the temporary support of Colonel George Wigg, had the best of it. Mr. Iain Macleod's facts and arithmetic seemed altogether better than Mr. George Brown's or Mr. John Strachey's—and were the more effective for being offered to the House in an unusually conciliatory manner. It was disturbing to learn from him that the government is seriously considering replacing the present call-up by some form of selective service, even by a ballot, which is certain to provoke ill-feeling in every street in the country, without diminishing to any considerable extent either the drain on industry or the uncertainties of young men at the beginning of their careers. But the rest of this admirable speech was a clear statement of the difficulties which abolitionists have to face.

The only man who began to face them seriously was Mr. Emmanuel Shinwell, who claimed to be working his passage back into the next Labour government as George Wigg's parliamentary private secretary. Shinwell has always been an able parliamentary performer, surprisingly so since his gestures and oratorical tricks seem more fitted to the soap box than the House. But he has them so much under control that they stop short of extravagance. He stands at the despatch box or, nowadays, in his back-bench place below the gangway, his body poised in the easy balance of a light-weight boxer, without notes, picking up points from the debate and weaving them into his theme, and speaking in a tone so amiable and with an expression of such bland ingenuousness on his face that opponents feel safe enough to approach. They are immediately bitten, as viciously as by a viper's tooth.

No one in the debate considered the possibility of reducing the need for troops by reducing the commitments which they are called up to fulfil. This argument might have been put, if even one genuine backbencher supporting the Labour Party on this issue had managed to catch the speaker's eye. Unhappily and as usual, the Labour speakers were with one exception prolix privy councillors like the Rt. Hon. George (64 minutes), the Rt. Hon. Emmanuel (35 minutes), the Rt. Hon. Fred (33 minutes) and the Rt. Hon. John (37 minutes); and the exception, the Hon. George, took 40 minutes, repeating the speech he had made so admirably only a few days before in 20. But Shinwell did suggest that even if the commitments were not reduced they could be more fairly shared. Both in Nato and in the Commonwealth, he said, Britain was carrying an unfairly heavy defence burden. For the moment, France was out of it because of her absorption in Algeria; but if and when that was settled, she could take some of the weight off Britain. Immediately, Australia could take over the responsibility for Malaya, and South Africa could take some of the responsibility in the Middle East—though not, I hope, for Kenya. Further, we could save men and money by leaving the production of some of the newly developing weapons to the U.S., by standardisation and by concentrating on the production of equipment we could produce best. It was both wasteful and foolish, for example, for us to go on producing bazookas and certain types of armed vehicles, when those produced by the French were infinitely superior to our own.

These suggestions may contain their own difficulties. Even if all of them are feasible and are adopted, they may not, of themselves, get us to the point where we can do without any form of national service. But they are a beginning. There seems no reason why these and other suggestions, if vigorously pressed, should not produce a satisfactory end. J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Suez Realities

It was a leading authority on the Middle East who recently said that the Egyptians were singularly good at bluff and manœuvre, so that if war were ruled out, Egypt might become a dangerous enemy. The western powers have not yet awakened to the new type of politics which must arise if decisions are no longer to be based on a balance of power in which the threat of war is always in the offing. It was because of this new situation that the Russians could intervene in the Middle East with more boldness than great powers have usually done in each other's accepted hunting ground; and it was because he was terrified by the prospect of another Abadan in Saudi Arabia (which, in view of Soviet encouragement, the United States would be powerless to counter), that Mr. Dulles rejected the British government's subsequent entreaties to withdraw diplomatic support from the Arab states of the southern tier and swing into line behind the Baghdad Pact. Hence the failure of the Anglo-American talks in Washington last January.

If Mr. Dulles was at that time afraid to push things anywhere near the brink of war by supporting British folly over the Baghdad Pact, the Russians also sensed danger in the rapid increase in tension on the Israeli frontier which followed Iron Curtain arms supplies to Egypt. Moscow circulated, a week before the Bulganin-Krushchev visit to London, a Middle-eastern Note calling for a general U.N.-sponsored arms embargo for the area; and during the visit, Sir Anthony Eden and the Soviet leaders appear to have reached some sort of gentleman's agreement in the Middle East. No doubt Sir Anthony pointed out that certain British interests in the area would have to be defended at all costs, and Krushchev accepted this position. Nor is there any reason to think that Moscow has forgotten these conversations. Krushchev's speech this week defends Nasser's legal right to nationalise the Suez company, deprecates bellicose talk in the Tory press, but stresses the general interest of all the powers, including Russia, in keeping free and impartial passage through the canal.

It was a sudden change in U.S. policy of appeasement to Egypt and the southern tier—based, in all probability, on Sir Anthony's appreciation of the London talks—that precipitated Nasser's coup. Last month Washington switched to partial acceptance of the proposals that America had refused to Britain in the January talks. Aramco discontinued advance payments of oil royalties and when negotiations for the renewal of the Dhahran base were opened, the Saudis were astonished to find that the "soft" American line had been abruptly reversed. Two weeks ago, the State Department replaced the two principal advocates of its pro-Cairo policy. But the decision to withdraw American support for the Aswan dam project—though in line with the general nature of the new policy—appears to have been dictated largely by internal political considerations. The cotton lobby, which feared Egyptian competition, played an important part and Congress demanded a substantial cut in the foreign aid programme. Mr. Dulles chose Yugoslavia and Egypt as the victims. In Egypt's case there was diplomatic and economic reasons for withdrawing aid: but the decision was not taken in the context of general western policy in the Middle East. Nor was it a considered one. Indeed, the British government appears to have been informed only 24 hours in advance. At no stage was there co-ordination of Anglo-American policy. Instead of a joint note, outlining the reason for withdrawal in detail (and which, in accordance with normal diplomatic practice, should have circulated to the Egyptians before being made public), there were simply two separate and abrupt statements. Publication unfortunately (and, as it seems, accidentally) coincided with the end of the Brioni talks. Nasser therefore interpreted the decision as a deliberate and personal rebuff, timed for a moment when its effects on his own position would be greatest. It was inevitable that he should attempt some sort of riposte. Yet no one, either in the State Department or the Foreign Office appears to have calculated what form it would take.

The nationalisation move therefore came as a complete surprise—all the more disturbing to the Foreign Office since Nasser was within his legal rights. For Egypt to nationalise an Egyptian company is a simple act of sovereignty. Our position on this issue is weaker even than in the case of Abadan (whose concession contained a specific anti-nationalisation clause), where an international court found in favour of Persia. True, the 1888 Constantinople Conventions, which guaranteed freedom of access to the canal, were ratified by Egypt under the 1954 Suez Agreement; but on this score also Britain's case is weak. The Conventions were aimed at Britain more than anyone else. We ourselves refused to subscribe to all of them until 1904 (when we succumbed to strong French pressure) and we violated them in both world wars. Worse still, Egypt's refusal to allow access to the canal of ships carrying cargoes to Israel was also a violation; we condoned this and, in so doing, allowed the Conventions to go by default. Finally, it cannot yet be shown that nationalisation of the company is incompatible with freedom of access. It can of course be argued that Nasser's statement that he intends to finance the Aswan project from canal revenues implies an abrupt rise in the rates; and that to raise charges beyond a certain point constitutes in itself a violation of the freedom of access clause. But, as yet, Egypt has not raised the rates; nor can it yet be proved that the change of regime has led to a deterioration in the services provided by the company. It looks as if the British and French governments are determined to drive Nasser into a position where he interrupts shipping and the Conventions can be invoked. Hence the instruction of the Anglo-French directors (in itself illegal, since the Suez Company's authority is now vested in the new board appointed by the Egyptian government) to all ships to pay canal charges in London or Paris. But Nasser has frustrated this move by withdrawing his order that charges are to be paid in cash in Egypt. Paradoxically enough, it is Nasser who is determined to keep the canal open, and Britain who is determined to close it. And, so far, Nasser is winning.

What, then, can Britain, France and America do? They have promptly resorted to financial and economic sanctions. These are likely to prove illegal in terms of international law. Moreover, in Britain's case, to block Egyptian accounts is a step of the utmost gravity, which may irreparably damage world confidence in Britain as a central banker. Nor are these moves likely to be decisive, at least in the short term. They amount, in effect, to the freezing of one-third of Egypt's currency reserves. This will cause some disloca-

tion in Egypt's current trading but will not, in itself, cut her off from world markets. True, she has a growing adverse trade balance, and has run down her reserves by 25 per cent. in the last 18 months. But she still holds, at the latest count, some £E86 million reserves in gold and dollars, which we cannot touch, even with American co-operation. Using 1954 figures as a rough basis for calculation, she can carry on for two years—even without assistance from the Communist bloc.

What more can we do—barring forcible intervention, which not even the Suez Group is prepared to contemplate in specific terms? It is at this stage we should pause for contemplation and view the dispute in its wider context. Britain's legal rights in the matter are slender and debatable, but she has—as Egypt must be brought to recognise—vital as well as legitimate interests in the canal. First, any interruption in the free flow of Commonwealth communications has always, and inevitably, been regarded by British governments as a *casus belli*. In any settlement, Egypt must be able to prove that she can provide not only the same services as hitherto, but any alterations required to adapt the canal to modern tanker fleets. Secondly, Britain is entitled to demand that canal charges should only be adjusted by mutual agreement. Present charges—averaging £8,000 a ship—are very high in relation to the amount of capital investment the company is prepared to undertake; and tankers in the 45,000-ton class, which cannot enter the canal with full load, now find it cheaper to transport oil to the East Coast of America via the Cape. Since two-thirds of our oil goes through the canal, to raise charges further would again challenge a legitimate British interest.

A third British interest is the principle raised by Egypt's arbitrary action in nationalising the company. To secure current British standards of living, we require not merely the right of access to Middle Eastern oil, but the right to pay for it in sterling. The Abadan seizure challenged this right, but the final settlement maintained it, since sterling is the exchange medium for oil produced by the consortium. If, however, the Suez nationalisation becomes the prototype for a pattern of confiscations throughout the Middle East, the consequences on our balance of payments will be grave indeed. Broadly speaking, since the war Britain's position in the Middle East has been progressively transferred from a paternalistic, imperial basis to a purely commercial one. The transfer has not been orderly, nor, on our part, willing. Nevertheless, it is clearly in our long-term interests to make it, provided that the protection afforded by British troops can be effectively replaced by the normal protection of business agreements. But if this were to prove unworkable—and the Suez seizure is an unfortunate pointer in this direction—then we might be obliged to revert to paternalism, with unhappy consequences both for ourselves and the Arab countries concerned.

For this reason, if for no other, we cannot accept the *fait accompli* of the Suez seizure. On the other hand, it is scarcely practical politics to expect that the Egyptians will, in any circumstances, be prepared to return to the *status quo ante*. Clearly, Britain and France will be well advised to abandon their aggressive postures and begin negotiations. But negotiation towards what? The obvious answer—and one favoured by the British government—is some form of international control. This could be arranged either through the U.N.—which would involve serious revision of the Charter—or through a board formed of the countries with a major interest in the canal. In either case, Russia will have to be consulted; indeed, it is difficult to see how Egypt can be brought to accept any reasonable arrangement unless it has Russia's support. Secondly, the form of the settlement will have to pay regard to Egyptian sovereignty. This need not be difficult to arrange. Supervisory control of the canal by an international authority is not incompatible with Egyptian ownership, and Egyptian participation in the profits. Thirdly, since the success of the negotiations will depend at least in part on the speed with which the parties can be brought round the conference table, some concession will have to be made over the Aswan dam. Here, the initiative should come from America, which has effectively provoked the crisis and has, so far, made little effort to solve it. In any event, the West is unlikely to emerge with its dignity completely unimpaired. But then diplomatic blunders have to be paid for somehow; and some commodities are more costly than prestige.

The Oder-Neisse Line

WHAT a dessicating trade diplomacy is! It shrivels the greatest human tragedies into trite state papers and then pigeon-holes them for future use, usually when it is too late. Of this process the history of Germany's eastern frontier is a nice example. At Teheran and Yalta, Churchill and Roosevelt were as savagely anti-German as Stalin. They too assumed that the solution of the German problem was dismemberment, and they saw nothing shocking in the proposal to compensate the Poles for the loss of their eastern provinces by moving their western frontier deep into Germany and expelling all the German inhabitants. By the time the Potsdam conference took place, this brutal act of political surgery was under way. Königsberg had been occupied by the Russians, East Germany up to the Oder-Neisse line by the Poles, and the Sudeten Germans had begun their trek out of Bohemia and Moravia. It was too late for Sir Winston's second thoughts; within twelve months the de-Germanisation of Czechoslovakia and of the new Poland was an accomplished fact.

Since then ten years have passed. The ghastly wound has healed into a hard, scabby scar across the face of eastern Europe and the Oder-Neisse line has become one of those international problems where nationalism on both sides has an irrefutable moral case. Every politician in Bonn must assert the German claim to all the lost provinces: every politician in Warsaw must reply that Poland's existence as a nation depends on their retention intact. If less is heard about the Sudeten areas, that is merely because they were outside the 1937 frontiers, whose restoration is regarded by Germans as the first instalment of natural justice.

Miss Wiskemann* has had the excellent idea of studying the recent history of these debatable areas. What did the Germans do in Poland and Czechoslovakia during the period of Hitler's civilising mission? What exactly took place at Teheran, Yalta and Potsdam? And, finally, what has happened to the lost provinces since 1945? To these three questions she provides succinct, detailed and scrupulously objective answers. Chatham House can be congratulated on sponsoring her book. It should be made compulsory reading for anyone who enters into the controversy about the terms of a final German peace settlement. Here are to be found all the awkward, knotty, square pegs which the politicians and diplomats must fit into their nicely rounded *a priori* solutions.

Germany's Eastern Neighbours will not be popular in the State Department and the Foreign Office, and it will be regarded as diabolically unfair by everyone in Bonn. This should not disturb Miss Wiskemann. It is the price she must pay for her almost inhuman academic detachment. On the issue of the Oder-Neisse line, the facts, alas, are stacked against the West. Miss Wiskemann is forced to admit that the British government was willing to see Poland get almost unlimited compensation at the cost of Germany as long as Sir Winston and Sir Anthony believed that the new Polish government would be independent of Russia. Their twinges of conscience about the mass expulsions and their dramatic discovery that there is an eastern as well as a western Neisse only occurred after it became clear that the Lublin Poles would exert effective power in Warsaw and make Poland a Russian satellite. At this point Sir Winston began to protest and Sir Anthony to draft some singularly disingenuous state papers. Just before the Yalta conference Sir Anthony wrote to the Prime Minister:

> We were prepared last October in Moscow to let M. Mikolajczyk's government have any territories they chose to claim up to the Oder, but this was conditional upon an agreement then being reached between him and the Russians and there was no question of our agreeing to the western Neisse frontier. . . . H.M.G. cannot be considered as having accepted any definite line for the western frontier of Poland, since we need not make the same concessions to the Lublin Poles which we were prepared to make to M. Mikolajczyk in order to obtain a solution of the Polish problem.

These words should be read and pondered. They reveal with terrible clarity the hypocrisy of the attitude which Sir Winston and Sir Anthony were later to adopt about the mass expulsions.

At Fulton in February, 1946, for instance, Sir Winston told his American audience:

> The Russian-dominated Polish government has been encouraged to make enormous and wrongful inroads upon Germany.

As long as he assumed that it would be a Mikolajczyk government that would make those "enormous inroads," Sir Winston had not found them "wrongful." Indeed, he had told the Commons in December, 1944:

> Expulsion is the method which, so far as we have been able to see, will be the most satisfactory and lasting. . . . I am not alarmed by the prospect of the disentanglement of populations, nor even by these large transferences, which are more possible in modern conditions than they ever were before.

For once Mr. Molotov's indignation at British duplicity was justified when he observed two years later:

> Who can think that this eviction of Germans was undertaken only as a temporary experiment? Those who adopted the decision on the eviction of the Germans from these territories, and who understood that Poles from other Polish districts would at once move in, cannot suggest after a while to carry out reverse measures. The very idea of involving millions of people in such experiments is unbelievable, quite apart from the cruelty of it, both towards the Poles and the Germans themselves.

As Miss Wiskemann drily observes, "The hypocrisy of this statement from a Communist leader does not make it less true."

The new frontier is now a *fait accompli*. Can it and should it be changed? Miss Wiskemann does not attempt to answer the question directly. Instead, she confines herself to describing, first, what happened to the refugees after they reached

* *Germany's Eastern Neighbours.* By ELIZABETH WISKEMANN. *Oxford.* 30s.

Germany and, secondly, what the Czechs and Poles have done with the empty territories they left behind them. Her verdict (I hope, I summarise it fairly) is that the Czechs conducted the expulsion with cold ferocity—are they not nicknamed the Prussians of Central Europe?—and have suffered heavy economic losses as a consequence. The profitable consumer goods light industries—particularly glass and textiles—for which the Sudeten Germans were famous, have been successfully transplanted to the Federal Republic and nothing of comparable value has replaced them.

The Poles, apparently, have been much more successful. Miss Wiskemann discounts German propaganda stories about vast uncultivated areas in the lost provinces and shows how the Poles have reconstructed the heavy industry of Silesia. She also makes it clear that any attempt to move the frontier from the western Neisse to the eastern Neisse would destroy the new Poland.

The fate of the refugees themselves is yet another example of that historical irony of which Hegel wrote and which seems to play the main role in the life of the German people. These destitute millions have been the dynamic of the "German miracle" of which the Bonn government is so proud. By an amazing feat of social organisation, the West Germans have successfully assimilated them; and these immigrants have provided the pool of cheap, industrious labour necessary to keep wages down in the period of recovery. Nor can it be maintained that, as a result of their arrival, the West Germans are a *Volkohne Raum*. Both Britain and Belgium are still far more thickly populated than the Federal Republic, which is also lucky enough to have no colonies to defend and no army to maintain. Even if it is deprived of the Russian Zone as well as the lost provinces, it is a viable economy. Indeed, if East Germany is ever liberated, West German prosperity will suffer.

What about the national claim? One of the curses with which history saddled the Germans was that they were a people without frontiers. Unlike the British, the French or the Spaniards, they did not inhabit one single, clearly defined territory. The chief motive force of German aggression for the last hundred years has been the fact that, in order to create a single Reich, including all settled German communities, it was necessary to impose German rule on what are now Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Austria, Rumania and Yugoslavia. *Heim ins Reich* was one of Hitler's most compelling slogans. Now, by one of the most brutal acts of history, the slogan has been made a reality. For the first time, practically every person who speaks German—with the exception of the Austrians—lives within the frontiers of a German state, though that state is partitioned between East and West. There are no more German minorities whose sufferings under Slav domination can be made the excuse for imperial expansion.

I cannot understand how any sane politician—even a German—could try to reverse this historical change. Total war has created a far sounder basis for peace than the statesmen and their experts could contrive at Versailles. It has sorted out Teuton and Slav into separate national states and it has given to the Poles, the Czechs and the Hungarians—if Comrade Krushchev now permits them to do so—the opportunity of building the make-weight against Germany in eastern Europe, which was lacking after 1918. Perhaps Sir Winston's first thoughts at Teheran were right after all, and he should take credit for helping Stalin to establish the Oder-Neisse line as the final eastern frontier of Germany.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

THE silly season? We are told about it every year, but almost every year some troublesome character insists on stealing the headlines from the agreeable spectacle of murder and bathing belles. In 1914 it was the Kaiser, and in 1938 and 1939 it was Hitler. In 1931 there was the National Government crisis in Britain. And how well I remember the Spanish War starting when I was playing tennis one holiday afternoon! And that's only the beginning of the list. Nasser is following a well-trodden tradition.

* * *

Odd, surely, that no one foresaw the danger of synchronising the moment when the last British troops withdrew from Suez—in itself a right policy—with the sudden withdrawal of the offer to help over the Aswan dam—a provocative and foolish reversal of policy. Apart from the fact that we are pledged to help improve living standards in the Middle East, might we not all have guessed that a dictator like Nasser would find it hard to forgo some spectacular success? The dam had always been advocated as a constructive alternative to head him off foreign adventure. Just how little smart Alecs even now understand Middle Eastern nationalism is beautifully illustrated by last week's *Time* magazine. It showed pictorially a spluttering Nasser being decisively checked by a wise old Chessmaster Dulles, whose gambit on the international chess board was, *Time* said, universally applauded. Did not *Time* magazine imagine that Nasser might have an awkward counter-move? The Israelis, of course, were alarmed that he would seek compensation by bombing Tel-Aviv. This now seems to be a misplaced fear. So general is the detestation of Nasser (*Time* magazine has now discovered that Communists are not the only awkward people in the world) that inhibitions against aid to Israel are probably dispersed. Nasser is not likely to begin any kind of offensive at the moment, when even his usual appeasers would love an excuse for turning on him. A good outcome from this excitement is possible. The object should be an international consortium which would both develop the Middle East for the benefit of the Arabs (oil royalties can provide the cash), guarantee the Suez as a public highway, safeguard Israel, and make the Aswan dam possible. Maybe some such solution is in Sir Anthony Eden's mind. It involves an agreement which includes Russia and America. That is asking a lot, even though they have common interests in such a settlement. I do not despair—despite the news that Mr. Dulles has arrived in London.

* * *

I was sorry to see the *Manchester Guardian* following less cautious papers in headlining its Burmese news "Peking's Forces Enter Burma. Aid for Guerrillas?" *The Times* achieved a better balance by correctly attributing the story to the often sensational *Nation* published in Rangoon and emphasising the Burmese Premier's corrective statement. The facts about this "invasion" are best understood in their territorial setting. Putao, where this "invasion" is supposed to have happened, is a small Shan village just over 200 miles to the north of Myitkyina. Beyond lie snow-capped mountains shared between Burma, India and Tibet. If the mists clear over the two mountains of Sumprabun and Bumpa Bum, the Union of Burma Airways lands on the small strip, three miles from the village, once a week during the winter months. Like many other Kachin villages, Putao was hardly administered at all in British times. Today it has a hospital and a school and the UAB planes have taken up small tractors to an area which is only otherwise accessible by mule-tracks. In the past year, a Flag March has visited the small villages stretching along 500 miles of undemarcated territory between Putao and the Wa States, climbing over high mountains by mule or on foot. From time to time they have met Chinese who are on the borders in villages where China and Burma are neighbours. Sometimes posts have been moved—on this occasion it is Chinese troops who have tried to advance their claim by occupation—and so far no serious effort has been made to define a boundary line. The Burmese and Chinese Prime Ministers discussed this problem last year, and it may be that the time has come to settle this long-standing problem.

* * *

Strange things happen in Ireland which for some strange reason are not reported in the English press. Here are the facts of a case heard last Friday before Mr. Justice Hurley in Limerick District Court. Two Jehovah's Witnesses, Stephen Miller and Henry Bond, arrived in this very Catholic area by motor bicycle with the object, apparently, of distributing tracts. It was alleged in court, and not, as far as I can see, denied, that they were set upon, one of them struck on the chin, and that their tracts were seized by the local priest and burned. This priest sat next to the Bishop of Killaloe "in the packed body of the court". The police prosecuted some of the villagers for assault. The judge dismissed the charges and bound over the Jehovah's Witnesses to keep the peace! He summed up by saying that "blasphemy is a crime against the State. The Catholic Church has been attacked by Mr. Miller. The villagers are entitled to protect themselves. Were they expected to lock themselves up in their homes, put their hands in their ears and do nothing about it?" On which I must once again comment (referring impartially to Catholics and Communists) that where the authorities believe that they are the upholders of final truth, then it must be a crime to question it. Justice and infallibility are incompatible.

* * *

I have just learned that Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the young and brilliant editor of the Paris weekly *L'Express*, has been called up by the French air-force and dispatched to Algeria. *L'Express* has been a very vocal critic of Guy Mollet's war policy in Algeria, which it regards as a betrayal of the promises the Socialists made in the election campaign. With its big circulation—now over 180,000—and wide Socialist readership, it is a peculiarly irritating thorn in Mollet's flesh. There is no general mobilisation in France and the decision to call up Servan-Schreiber seems to have been taken at a high level. He was asked to volunteer and, on his refusal, served with call-up papers. Under the emergency legislation, the government can call up officers "indispensable" to the prosecution of the war. But Servan-Schreiber, a trained pilot, has merely been assigned to a unit employed in infantry duties. Not unnaturally, many Frenchmen think the move is a deliberate attempt, on Guy Mollet's part, to silence his most dangerous critic.

* * *

I astonished a friend the other day by telling him that G. D. H. Cole's first publications were poetry, and that, as he confesses in his pamphlet "*World Socialism Restated*" (published by this journal 1s. 6d.), he was converted to Socialism as a schoolboy by reading *News from Nowhere*. He said that his generation thought Cole a follower of Sidney Webb, not of William Morris and

imagined him a dry-as-dust economist. How odd the *persona* public men unconsciously create for themselves! When I first knew Cole, exactly 30 years ago, he was a *frondeur*, the leader of a revolutionary Guild Socialist movement which attempted to dethrone the Webbs and substitute an English form of syndicalism. Nor, as he shows in this new pamphlet, has his philosophy basically changed. It is a restatement of a faith held for 50 years, and it is a faith not that Socialism is inevitable, but that capitalism is bad and that the co-operative commonwealth can be won.

* * *

"They say," said the next door gardener, triumphantly sweeping up the broken branches and green leaves that carpeted the ground, "that it was the biggest gale ever recorded in July." There was an infinitude of satisfaction in his voice. "I bet you never saw waves as big as that before," we said to each other as we watched from safe corners as the sea broke and lathered and bubbled over the coast road at Seaford, and the cars piled up behind each other before turning round to seek an inland route. This is the way English people have learned to find compensation for their ruined holidays and devastated gardens. "All right, all right," I agree, "it's a record." And with that settled, I survey my stricken flower borders. A bed of snapdragon (no, I can't spell antirrhinum and I prefer the English name anyway) looks exactly as if a harrow had passed over it. A lilac has been stripped of all its leaves and my neighbour had his cabbage plants blown clean out of the ground. The beans are shrivelled as if by frost; they look precisely as plants did after the big freeze. So do all the bushes; on the south-west side they are burned brown by the salt wind. The oddest casualties are big clumps of daisies; the stalks are unbroken but every flower is nipped off and hangs lifeless, with the petals turned to black string like witches' hair. The telephone wires are lying on the lawn. But as I looked out on this devastation next morning I realised how much I and all the rest of us enjoy our tale of woe. For weeks, months, perhaps years, we can say to our friends: "That bush, you know, never recovered from the great gale in July '56. . . ."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Each had signed an undertaking to pay obedience and respect to the Government of Cyprus, and to promote loyalty among their pupils and make them good citizens of the British Empire. The teachers in question had, however, intruded political indoctrination into academic teaching.—*The Times.* (G. M. Perkins.)

"I am perfectly satisfied with the excellent work achieved by the governor of Aden, who has just left the colony, and also with the work that will be done by his successor, who will arrive there shortly."—Mr. Lennox Boyd in the Commons.

On more than one occasion I have seen a London Post Office counter clerk clean the lenses of her spectacles with a £5 note.

Is this now a normal practice among cashiers?—*Evening Standard.* (Arthur Moyse.)

The council decided that Francis Robson, an electrical welder, who lives in a prefab in Errington Place, can advertise his chiropody business by putting up a plaque in his garden . . . on condition that he does not cut corns in his council house.—*Newcastle Journal.* (A. S. Oliver.)

Russian Attitudes

I was told the other day by a man who claims to have been there about a poignant discussion held in the Kildare Street Club, Dublin, during the last week or so of August, 1939.

If you amalgamated the Carlton Club with the Athenæum and put them both in mothballs, you would have, I suppose, a rough working model of the Kildare Street Club. Yet, by the end of August that year, news of trouble brewing on the international scene was already heard there.

The late Earl of Wicklow said that thought of war was nonsensical.

"In my opinion," he said to his friends, "Austria-Hungary will prove, this time, at last to have learned her lesson. Austria-Hungary will take Hitler in the rear, should he be rash enough to attack—and Hitler knows it."

His friends explained about Austria-Hungary not existing any more and Hitler already in half of what it had once been. More than half.

"Never mind," said he, "the Serb's a good fighting man and the Serb hates the Boche. The Serbs will take him in the rear."

Sadly they explained about Yugoslavia—with Hitler already in control of key men all over that novel federation.

"In that case," said the Earl of Wicklow, irritably, "the whole thing's reduced to an absolute farce."

Such—with more or less justification, according to your viewpoint—was the first reaction of hundreds of thousands of people in Britain to the news of the signing of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, whose anniversary is now drawing on. Witty, encouraging and inaccurate to the last, the Foreign Office spokesman said: "All the Isms may be regarded as Wasms."

No one old enough not to have been politically conscious then is likely to forget the bubble of passions, the accusations and counter-accusations, the "agonising reappraisals," the reaffirmations of faith, which followed the announcement on the night of August 21, that Herr von Ribbentrop was shortly Moscow-bound. I recall a distinguished and sincere fellow traveller of long standing, who, during those days, could not bear to leave the offices of the *Daily Worker* except to visit the precincts of the Communist Party in King Street. Choking with emotion, tears often on his cheeks, he tottered bewilderedly up and down the stairs at both places with the general idea of telling everyone concerned—editors and secretaries and functionaries of one kind and another—that something must be done.

What he hoped could be done never emerged—not even what he thought should be done, unless the British Communists were suddenly to proclaim that they were going to quit the Comintern as speedily as the European Socialists had retired to their national fastnesses when the earlier trouble broke out in 1914.

Everyone, in fact, old enough to have known much about that business in 1939 is weary of the argument—because the argument turns on the fatuous, if sometimes amusing, old game of "if." And people too young to recall it must surely find most of the argument irrelevant.

It is strange to find people sometimes still playing the "if" game. On television the other night, somebody asked a lot of experts what would have happened if the Romans had never conquered Britain. And people still ask me what I think would have happened if Franco had been defeated in his attack on the Spanish Republic.

Nobody can judge whether an historical event, an order to an army, a diplomatic manœuvre, was a catastrophe or otherwise unless he is prepared to say what would have happened if *that* thing hadn't happened. And since nobody is in any position to say that with any show of evidence, the question is unanswerable and otiose.

Anyone can—and every articulate person over the age of 30 has—argue pro and con the Nazi-Soviet Pact. Suppose Stalin had thumbed his nose at Hitler, been attacked, collapsed, forced to surrender the rich spaces of Russia to Hitler, after which—with that type of resources behind him—Hitler had finally gone for the West? One may suppose it, but one cannot know it would have happened just like that.

Or suppose Stalin had been just a little more trustful of Neville Chamberlain and Daladier and Colonel Beck and taken the risk—and then *they* had agreed, after all, to an advance of the Red Army through the then border states in the event of a Hitlerite attack; and thus Hitler would have been finally encircled and suffocated. One is at liberty to suppose that, too. But when history is moving along at a fast clip, there is little time to indulge these speculations. Like Napoleon when asked about the *finesses* of military strategy, one can only say "You join battle, and afterwards you see."

Personally I thought at the time that either the pact would scare the British and French into revising their attitude to Moscow, in which case war would be averted, or else they would have to take the consequences which are liable to ensue for countries in their position who bet they can take on a continent. It is the work of an instant now, of course, to attribute the whole business to the wickedness, criminal lunacy and general mental debilitation of the late Joseph Stalin. I am bound to say that I did not think anything of this idea at the time, and I admit I don't think much of it now.

What was rather irksome, if you happened—as I did at that time—to opt for the official Communist view of events, was that you were, of course, instantly cut off from almost everyone you had ever known outside the Communist Party and from some you knew in it, who were now getting out. Rather particularly irksome for me was the fact that—partly because I was diplomatic correspondent of the *Daily Worker*—a lot of singularly naive people thought I must have some special kind of line on what on earth the Russians thought they were up to.

Less naive people sometimes also got this idea because it was known that until recently I had been London correspondent of *Pravda*. A man like that, reasoned these people, must be more or less informed—have particular contacts with the Russian embassy and so on. If for no other reason, it was impossible for me for reasons of loyalty to my late employers to explain all that. In any case no one in London—where you must always put your needle in a hay-stack before anyone will even begin to look for it—would have believed the truthful statement I could have made.

It was some time after Munich that my friend

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Michael Koltzov, a predecessor of Mr. Shepilov as foreign editor of *Pravda*, appointed me London correspondent of that newspaper. The administrative people at *Pravda* rang me up and said: "Take an office." I said it was unnecessary—the correspondence could be done from my flat, or on a typewriter here and a typewriter there. They were annoyed—thought I was being a little insulting; suggesting that perhaps they (with the largest circulation of any newspaper on the turning globe) could not afford to hire a good piece of Fleet Street. What they wanted was something with a bit of prestige to it—a classy type of job, as for instance a half floor in the Reuter building.

I still dragged my feet a little bit and was not sorry to have done so when presently I began to be rung up from various European centres by various wives of my friend Koltzov, who said they had heard on the grapevine that Koltzov had been arrested and was due to be shot any day now. Many of Koltzov's wives were known to me, all of them lovely, intelligent women, all in love with Koltzov. They hoped, because they were in love with him, that I would do something to save him; and because they were intelligent they saw at once that there was nothing whatever I could do. It was true that I talked daily with *Pravda* when I telephoned them my article or articles, but I did not feel that a sudden cry from me, "Don't shoot my boss, he is innocent," would carry a lot of pro-Koltzov weight in the Kremlin. The more so because it was well known that for several years he had been, in fact, the personal mouthpiece and trouble-shooter for Stalin himself in Spain and other *partibus infidelium*. And one had but to remember the truth of the American phrase "the bigger they come the harder they fall."

Soon after that *Pravda* took my name off my articles. I was nostalgic about that because I remembered the care Koltzov had taken to try to find the correct—but absolutely correct—Russian translation of the name I then used—Frank Pitcairn. A question of differentiating, in Russian, the sound of the "a" in Frank from that of the "ai" in Pitcairn. He was a lover of language, and he liked to think about such things and get them right.

The articles, without named author, continued for a while, and then they stopped appearing too. And after a while even the salary cheques came no more. I forget how much they amounted to—but certainly good enough money to render their cessation disconcerting.

I wrote to *Pravda*, telephoned to them. No reply on these points was to be elicited. I visited M. Maisky, then Soviet ambassador in London and asked his advice. He was sympathetic, and at the same time sardonically amused at the spectacle of my encounter with Russian bureaucracy. He said if I would write once more to *Pravda*, he would give me a covering letter, explaining my sense of bafflement. I remarked that I was glad that at least I had not gone out on a limb with that glamour-puss of an office, and he said he admired my instinctive sense of balance.

I wrote, and he wrote. But no reply was ever received.

That was why I used to wonder how right or wrong people were when they used to assert that of course I had special knowledge of Russian attitudes.

CLAUD COCKBURN

Home to Alabama

"INTER-RACIAL couples, nosey outsiders and meddling Negro journalists—you are going to offer the South all three in one package! Well, there hasn't been a lynching for six years now, but it looks like you'll be reviving an old tradition." Not all our friends in New York were as alarming as this; some thought we would meet no more than unfriendly stares and insults. We bought tickets at Pennsylvania Station and went to see for ourselves.

My British husband was visiting America for the first time. I was born in a segregated corner of Alabama. We knew that we would not be legally married once in the South, that no hotel would take us both, that it would be hard for us even to talk to each other, and harder still—once noticed together—to find others willing to talk to us. Yet we didn't want to be thrown out or to be sent to Coventry (at least not immediately) so we decided to begin by travelling separately. We parted in Washington, D.C., with a rendezvous at the Greyhound bus station, Birmingham, Ala., in eight days' time.

For me, the South began when I stepped into the coach at Washington. The white passengers sat at the front, the coloured at the back. No matter what the Supreme Court said in 1946, tradition has not changed. The dividing line is unmarked, intuited rather than seen. I found during the course of my travels that I could move it two or three rows forward simply by sitting nearer the front myself. Some of the white passengers appeared more willing to stand than go "beyond the line" to choose a seat. A mischievous Negro can have quite a lot of fun playing this game.

At six o'clock one morning I arrived, sleepless and hungry, at Charlotte in North Carolina. I looked for the usual "Coloured" and "White" waiting rooms, but this time there seemed to be only one. In the restaurant at the far end some of the passengers were already having breakfast.

"You can't eat in here," the waitress called out in a loud voice as I entered. "You have to go around to the other side." The others had turned and were staring at me.

I finally found the obscure door at the end of an alley. The coloured waiting room, dirty and ill-lit, was one-third the size of the white. There was no restaurant, only a counter where, standing, I could have a coffee and dry cakes. More often in the South the "White" and "Coloured" signs (or nowadays sometimes "Interstate" and "Coloured Intrastate") are all too visible, carved in brazenly permanent letters. In Charlotte I half wished the notices had been clearer: it is sometimes difficult to decide whether it is worse to be told plainly not to come in, or to be publicly thrown out.

"Jesus Saves," announced the signs nailed to trees along the roadside. A message painted on the back of a car warned, "Whatever road you take, you will meet God at the end." Outwardly, the South had not changed much in my six years' absence. Still the same quackery, the same slow gentle tempo, the deceiving image of ease and friendliness.

"Everything had been going along just fine down here," a white newspaper editor said to me in Virginia. "We had worked out a way of life pleasing to both white and coloured, but now it's all changing. It's the outsiders who are causing all the trouble. The coloured people in the South don't want integration."

But a Negro woman in Orangeburg, South Carolina, expressed it this way: "The coloured man's ceiling is the white man's floor. There was no hope for advancement the way things were down here. I'll tell you one thing, though. I never did hope to see this day come during my lifetime. But I kept on doing my little bit, anyhow; if not for my children, then for my grandchildren."

Orangeburg is in the old cotton-tobacco plantation area known as the Black Belt. Here coloured outnumber white sometimes nine to one, and here white resistance to school integration is strongest. The Supreme Court's directive to end segregation "with all deliberate speed" concerned explicitly South Carolina and four other states. South Carolina responded by repealing the compulsory school attendance laws and resolving that public funds would be withheld from any school which admitted a pupil by court order. Soon after, Negro parents in Orangeburg petitioned their local school board to learn what plans had been made for integration. The school board replied by releasing the petition, together with signatures, to the local newspaper. Immediately, a white Citizens' Council was formed; its first act was to organise a boycott against the petitioners. Coloured employees lost their jobs, shopkeepers' supplies were cut off, farmers were denied the customary fertiliser and seed loans. Some of the petitioners were threatened with violence; their insurance policies were cancelled suddenly.

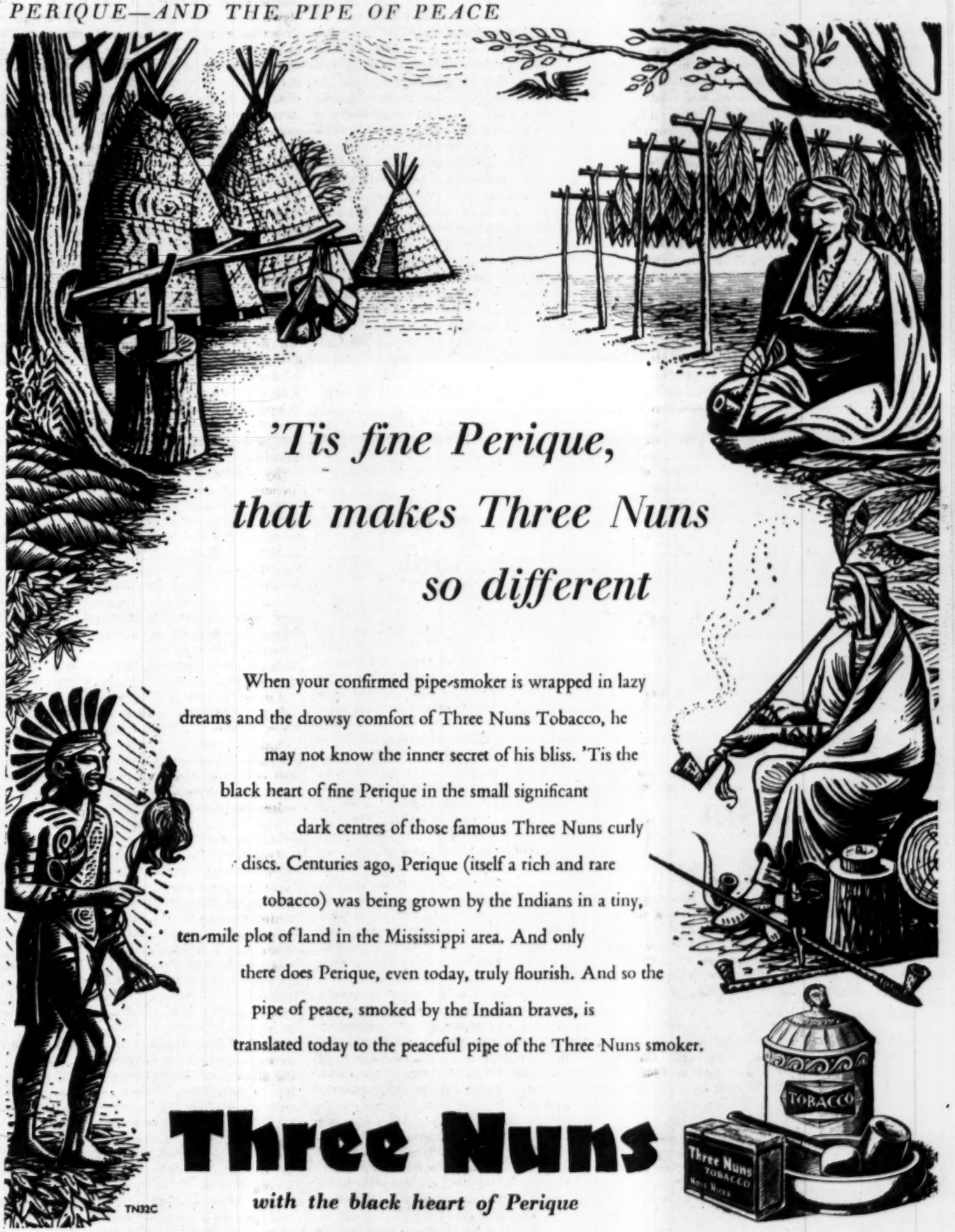
By the time I arrived in Orangeburg, the petitioners had launched a counter-boycott against white merchants on the Citizens' Council, the National Association for the Advancement of Coloured People had been outlawed as "subversive" and "not good for the coloured people and the state as a whole," the all-Negro State College was scheduled to be investigated for possible N.A.A.C.P. activity, the governor had sent state and city police to patrol the college campus, and a lawsuit was pending between a white man and two Negro students from a neighbouring college with charges of assault and battery on both sides.

Orangeburg, in other words, was the place to study race relations at their worst. I had expected, then, to find bitterness and anxiety among the coloured population. Instead, I found elation. Instead of moving in fear, the Negroes were actually going out to heckle at meetings of the Klan. Objectively, the position at Orangeburg is a stalemate; but there is among the Negroes the unmistakable excitement of being on the winning side.

One of the petitioners said to me: "A white man's mind is a funny thing: 'Our nigras don't want integration—and furthermore, we'll fire any that say they do.' Now what can you do with a man that thinks like that? You ask for better schools, and he says you're trying to marry his sister. Well, who's mixing with who? You got more fair-skinned Negroes in the South than up north, and they got coloured mommas, too. The white folks believe in segregation, all right; yeah, segregation in the daytime and integration at night."

I stayed in Orangeburg for three days, talking to victims of the Citizens' Council's boycott, to the students at State College who were all refusing to go to classes while under police patrol, and to officials of the N.A.A.C.P. I learned that the N.A.A.C.P. had won an enormous increase in membership after its proscription by the state. I mentioned current criticism of the organisation for its lack of realism in pressing for an end to segregation "by Monday morning." For answer I was shown a fine, modern, coloured school and the shockingly dilapidated one across the road which had been used until the year before. The new school had been built as a direct result

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE



'Tis fine Perique, that makes Three Nuns so different

When your confirmed pipe-smoker is wrapped in lazy dreams and the drowsy comfort of Three Nuns Tobacco, he may not know the inner secret of his bliss. 'Tis the black heart of fine Perique in the small significant dark centres of those famous Three Nuns curly discs. Centuries ago, Perique (itself a rich and rare tobacco) was being grown by the Indians in a tiny, ten-mile plot of land in the Mississippi area. And only there does Perique, even today, truly flourish. And so the pipe of peace, smoked by the Indian braves, is translated today to the peaceful pipe of the Three Nuns smoker.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

TN32C

of an N.A.A.C.P.-supported lawsuit. The history of the South since Reconstruction had one unmistakable lesson for the Negro leader: The white Southerner gives exactly what he is forced to give—no more and no sooner.

I took an all-night coach across country from Orangeburg and reached Birmingham, Alabama, in the early morning. My husband had hitchhiked up from Montgomery the day before. We were stared at and frowned upon as we walked through the streets. A mob of adolescent schoolboys shouted at us from a school compound—and continued shouting until we rounded a corner a quarter of a mile away. At the bus station we bought our tickets and, as interstate passengers, sat down in the white waiting room. Immediately two elderly women got up from the other end of our bench and moved to a more congenial seat. Again there were stares from all sides. Within five minutes a policeman had arrived.

"I'm sorry; you can't sit here," he said to me. We explained that we were interstate passengers. By now it had become a formula for me. It made no difference, the policeman said, the law of Alabama did not allow me to sit in a white waiting room. He had not heard of any rulings about interstate travellers. He would not allow my husband to sit in the coloured waiting room with me, but he did suggest that we could stand outside in the concourse.

Outside, tense and watchful, we waited talking quietly together. Little knots of people gathered nearby, looking at us and muttering. Ten minutes later the policeman came over again.

"You two related, or something?" He looked embarrassed as he spoke to my husband. "Is this your wife? Well, they do things a little different down here. Now, I been hearing a lot of nasty comments, and I wouldn't like for anybody to get hurt." He turned to me and said, "I especially wouldn't want *you* to get hurt. My job is to prevent any trouble, and there will be trouble if you stay together. So, why don't you all go to your separate waiting rooms until your bus comes. You'd be helping me out a lot."

We helped him out; for one nervous hour we waited in separate rooms for our coach, protected by the patrolling policeman. Convinced that one of us at least was about to be lynched, I left word with a friend to contact the British consul if he had not heard from us by evening. Hours later, I felt foolish as I sent the notice of our safe arrival at the state border.

That night we stayed in the guest house at Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn. The campus was strangely isolated from the surrounding conflict, but the town itself was unpredictable, an ambiguous city in a borderline state.

Our white cab driver had been in England during the war and had liked it. "Guess you folks won't be coming back this way soon," he ventured. Our answer was perhaps a little too fervent to be polite.

"Oh, it ain't that bad," he continued.

"They do things a little different down here," I said.

"No they don't," said the driver. "They just think they do. It will be all right; don't you worry about a thing."

VILMA HOWARD

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Fleet Street Notebook

ONE of the oddest features of the present journalistic situation is that while papers for women are soaring to ever new high records those weeklies directed to the whole family are down in the doldrums. Mother and sister it seems are reading more and more while father and the boys are reading less and less. Feminine independence asserts itself by cancelling the weekly "book" that used to do for the whole family and replacing it by something altogether more specialised in feminine appeal. This change in reading habit has hit particularly what are generally known in the trade as the big fourpennies: *John Bull, Illustrated, Picture Post* and *Everybody's.*

I remember lunching a few years back, when the post-war reading flood was still at high water, with the late John Dunbar, editorial director of Odham's Press. He was feeling mightily proud of himself because he had achieved his ambition of controlling three "millionaire" weeklies in a row. His latest creation, *Woman,* had just joined *John Bull* and *Illustrated* above the million mark. Now *Woman,* the last to arrive at the feast, has soared to over 3,300,000, while *Illustrated* is down to a mere 830,000. And although *John Bull* is still hanging on precariously to its claim of over a million, its latest Audit Bureau of Circulation figure shows a fall of nearly 90,000. Even so, until recently, it has been more successful in fighting against the trend than most of the other big fourpennies. Battling hard against this trend, *Picture Post* has now tried so many different techniques of popularity that it has changed almost out of all recognition from the brilliant picture paper with a serious social purpose that it was in its first exciting days before the war and continued to be so long as Tom Hopkinson remained editor. Lately, however, it has been flirting with social purpose again, although in a notably uncommitted manner and with little of the old sureness of touch. But whether this will or will not prove to be the right formula for holding the customers these days no one can be sure. *Everybody's,* which for a long time seemed to have found an individual if somewhat unexpected recipe for success in a strange mixture of topical articles, thriller serials, potted history illustrated garishly in colour, and Sir Beverley Baxter's views on this and that, is now in course of a frantic phase of modernisation. It has recently shed one rather good editor in the process and taken on in his place a gentleman who has carved out a reputation for himself in the new field of popular television journalism.

But the fact remains that whatever is done the market for the slickly produced colour weekly, with something in it for all the family and a passionate belief in the pulling power of pictures and a coloured cover, gets smaller. No one yet seems able to decide just why. Some hold that it is television. The popular weekly has now, it is argued, to assert a claim not only on people's money but on their time: television is doing a great deal of what they set out to do a great deal better. But if television is the trouble, why is it that, despite the special afternoon women's programmes on both BBC and ITV, the circulation of all the women's magazines comparable in size and general appearance to the big fourpennies continues to soar astronomically?

What seems clear is that more and more the periodical market—and to some extent the popular daily paper market also—is coming to be dominated by the reading tastes of the women in the family to a degree that was never previously the case in Britain even although "woman interest" was always in good taste. So far the fourpenny weeklies have failed to adapt themselves to this. They tend to be tailored to a railway bookstall demand and this demand is no longer sufficient. Somehow they have got to tap a new demand and almost certainly to do so they have got to make themselves more attractive to the dominant female—however hard this may be on the male with an hour or so to spare for a good read. If newspaper and magazine trends are to be believed—and they usually mirror the age pretty reliably—our civilisation is now panting after the American. And in that civilisation, as everyone knows, it is the female half of the race that counts when it comes to any question of public taste, and no publisher in his senses ever underestimates the power, including the buying-power, of a woman.

So far none of the fourpennies has shown any particular imagination either in thinking up new ideas to appeal to women and wean them, however momentarily, from their immersion in the women's papers or, what is a more feasible way of escape, in producing something which women will buy for their husbands because they would like to have a peek at it themselves. So far their first instinct has been to turn to the royal family. Practically all popular magazine editors are obsessed—and, who knows, they may be right—with the idea that there is nothing like one of the inhabitants of Buckingham Palace to bring the customers trooping in. *Illustrated,* contemplating that ominous downward curve, has gone hot and strong on a presentation portrait of the Queen in colour with supporting script—a nice touch this—by that other lovable symbol of all that is best in the independent British character, Gilbert Harding. *Everybody's* is serialising "The Prince Philip Story," the romance, as it remarks with a catch in the throat, of "a small boy who sailed into exile and married the princess who was to become a queen." Maybe they are right in thinking this is what we all want. But I can't help wishing that just for once they would try something else when times are bad. Who knows, they might be surprised by the result.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Singing Millboy

EARLY in 1922 the owner of a small night-club band at the Queens Hall Roof brought back a Paul Whiteman record from New York. "Why," he asked his band, "can't you make a noise like that?" There was prolonged silence, except for the shifting of feet, until the part-time assistant pianist on the fringes of the group said in a quiet Lancashire voice: "That record is properly scored and orchestrated."

Unlike some others in the band, the assistant pianist had been taught something of music. His father, George Hylton, had been, by turns, part-time cotton spinner, part-time railway ganger, part-time grocer and part-time publican. But he liked to think of himself as a full-time entertainer, at concert parties, in his own pub and occasionally on the Halls. He was also a full-time admirer of Robert Blatchford. His first deliberate act in shaping the future of his son, Jack, was to send him at the age of seven to the Bolton Clarion Club for a course of piano lessons. Later, after leaving school at 12, Jack Hylton was encouraged by his father to spend the summer with concert parties, as the "Singing Millboy" or accompanist; and, during one such summer at Exeter, the organist of the cathedral was so impressed with his touch that he allowed him to practise on the cathedral organ and forced him to study books on musical theory instead of taking donkey rides or making eyes at the girls. With this sketchy training, he was able at the age of 16 to grasp and hold for three years a job as pantomime conductor and to acquire all the knowledge necessary to see at once what Paul Whiteman's musical "secret" was.

Jack Hylton was told to take the record home and produce a score from it. He borrowed his landlady's gramophone and his landlady's maid —to swing the needle back over and over again. Then, through the night, he sat listening and writing. The result was such a success that the orchestra played the same piece nine times on the following night. Thereafter Hylton began to produce original orchestrations so successfully that gramophone companies began to demand recordings. Hylton in his turn asked the members of the band to pay him 10s. each from their wages for the extra work he was doing and which, clearly, was bringing extra fees to the band. They refused to pay him anything, but they did at last agree that on the label of every record they made there should appear the words "orchestrated by Jack Hylton." Looking back from the West End office from which he now runs his business as one of the leading impresarios in the country, Hylton still says of that moment thirty-six years ago: "That was it. Once my name was on the label, I knew I was home."

Up till then he had had a rough time. After his boyhood experiences as singer, concert-party pianist and conductor, he had tried running concert parties and touring revues of his own. They had failed so disastrously that eventually his parents had to sell the Stalybridge pub to which they had moved. He played a cinema organ at Stoke Newington and doubled that with night-club work in the West End; but these jobs had collapsed with the outbreak of war. After a spell in the Royal Naval Air Service and later with the first war equivalent of ENSA, he had teamed in a double act with Tommy Handley, again unsuccessfully; he had written unsuccessful revues, conducted unsuccessful musicals, published unsuccessful songs and eventually even plugged them on the Blackpool promenade. Even at the Queens Hall Roof, he was only working part time. But behind him he had experience, in music, in light entertainment, in the business side of running shows and in handling artists. He also had a vast experience of what the public did not want and many ideas of what they might want. But he needed a chance. His name on the label gave him one.

Immediately, it did not get him far. Within a few weeks he had quarrelled with the leader of the band, and the bandsmen, given a democratic opportunity to choose between them, voted for Hylton's dismissal. But, without his orchestrations, the band's recordings were failures and the gramophone companies approached him directly. Within a month he had a band of his own. Within two years that band was top of the popularity poll in Britain. It remained there, except for one short break, for fifteen years until the Second World War disrupted it. Thereat Hylton launched himself on a different career, as impresario, and by 1945 was at the top of that. He has remained there ever since.

Through all his success he has openly and vigorously retained the belief in Blatchford Socialism which he acquired through his father and the Clarion Club. Indeed, in Italy he was imprisoned for being satirical about Mussolini. He has been a member, first of the I.L.P. and then of the Labour Party throughout his life; he has given them directly many thousands of pounds, he has organised entertainments expressly for political purposes, he has tried so to organise his business that he could be free enough to stand as Labour candidate for his native Bolton, and for years he has been president of his local party in Sussex. And none of this has ever harmed him either with his entertainment colleagues or with the public. There are probably two reasons for this. The first is that there is nothing austere

about Blatchford Socialism. Blatchford's ideas of full, even fruity living fit easily into the atmosphere of the entertainment world. Indeed, Dangle, Blatchford's collaborator for many years, combined his work on the *Clarion* with work on musical comedies. The second reason is that the working class is much the largest in this country, and that any entertainer who can really appeal to it is bound to be successful. Hylton was born into a working-class home and spent the first 30 years of his life almost entirely with working-class people. He is not with them any more but, despite the racehorses, the expensive houses, the spate of Mercedes cars, and the occasional champagne and cigars, he is still of them. He remembers enough about the drabness of his own childhood to realise that working-class people will not pay to see drabness. He has deliberately set out to give them the very best of the entertainment they want; and he knows that this can equally mean the Crazy Gang or the Stratford Festival Company, a jazz band or the L.P.O.—which he sent, not to the ordinary concert halls which working-class people would find stuffy, but to the music halls they knew.

When one meets him casually today there seems no sign of the showman and little obvious reason for his success. He is slightly deaf—though the deafness, especially during business negotiations, is more apparent than real—he speaks softly, still with a gentle Lancashire accent, and moves awkwardly. He appears diffident, especially with people whose education has been more formal than his own or whose activities seem to him to be in a sphere "superior" to his. So during the war, when he decided to save the London Philharmonic Orchestra from bankruptcy, a sense of inferiority made him conduct the negotiations—a £10,000 guarantee and all profits to be shared among the musicians—through an intermediary, without his own name being mentioned. He felt that an ex-jazz band leader would risk a snub from "classical" musicians.

But Hylton's appearance is misleading and so are the contrasts which make up his character. Those who saw him only from the front of the house in his show-band-leading days, when he toured the world as a complete bill on his own, saw only a little man feebly waving his arms in time to the music. He looked a figurehead, and an inadequate one at that. Yet, while he was with the band, it kept at the top. When, for nine months in the Thirties he went to the United States and there formed an immediately successful band, his own British band fell to pieces. A new one had to be formed on his return. This new band was even more successful than the old. The fact is that his bands were nothing without Hylton. One of his bandsmen once said of him: "He used to jerk his way slowly across the stage towards you, looking slack. Then you saw his brown eyes. There was nothing slack about them. He looked at you like Dracula and between clenched teeth he said: 'Give, you bastard, *give*.' You gave."

Hylton has a deep strain of toughness below the apparent diffidence. When an American leading lady tried to boss his band during a show, he put her across his knee and spanked her, thereby apparently improving relations all round. He submitted to every kind of practical joke from his band, and still submits to them from the Crazy Gang, but the nickname for him of both band and Gang is Jack Hitler. He would like to be knighted. He yearns for an invitation to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot; but once, in a dispute with the Prince of Wales, he threatened to withdraw his artists from a function the Prince was sponsoring unless he had his way. This toughness, combined with technical knowledge derived mainly from direct experience of his job, is one of the reasons for his success. Yet the toughness is uneven. He can bargain keenly with his staff about wages and yet stand generously by an artist who is beginning to fade. He can gauge to a fraction the minimum percentage he can offer a backer and yet, when negotiating for theatre properties, allow himself to be landed just with those shares which do not carry control. He is a half-and-half mixture of his father and mother—the father full-blooded, easy with the girls, with a real feel for entertainment, his fellow human beings and the Blatchford type of good life, but feckless over details; and the mother, concerned only with details of keeping the family head above water, with a negative shrewdness which damned most outsiders in the phrase: "Ah doant reckon much to 'im," with lips which in the process became increasingly thin and tight and with a determination which neither debts nor failures could blunt. One never knows, from one moment to the next, whether his father or his mother will come uppermost in Jack Hylton.

Pierrot, concert party manager, revue writer, band leader, impresario, this Jack of all entertainments has become a master showman; and still, though he is now 64, no one could predict that his life is set. He is capable of branching into still other lines in the entertainment or sporting business—or of abandoning the lot and beginning an entirely new carrer. A chorus in one of his most successful American musicals runs:

> Where am I going? I don't know.
> When shall I get there? I'm not certain.
> All that I know is I am on my way.

That might be Hylton's motto. But even he probably does not know what "his way" really is.

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The Arts and Entertainment

The Biennale

THE experience of going to the Biennale is a contradictory one. There are the 3,000 works from over 30 countries. Images made of stone and wood, pigment and canvas have been flown and shipped to Venice from all over the world. Hall porters carry in the numerous bags of numerous experts. In the Piazza San Marco everyone is agreed that the show is too large, too frequent, too abstract, too realist, too varied, too similar. Scurrying through the gardens between the pavilions, a few who know what they want are searching—rather as they might for a particular sort of tin-opener in the Ideal Home Exhibition. Everyone quarrels about the prizes as about the election of Miss Universe. But the world is outside—in the artists' sketchbooks on the studio floor maybe, in the headlines from Poznan and Birmingham. What we have totally failed to do is to establish any natural open easy context for art today. "It just somehow excites me," says the woman in salmon-pink gloves looking at an Egyptian abstract which she believes, because she has got lost in the 500-page catalogue, to be a painting called *Sunday Figuration* from Venezuela. All this is so disillusioning that one begins to doubt whether art, apart from its necessity for those who produce it, can, in our time, have any value at all.

But then, on the other hand, the sheer pleasure of being in Venice—and the pleasures of the Lido no less than Palladio—reaffirms all one's belief in art being a natural expression of the love of life. And so one veers between these two attitudes, and if I now tried to resolve them, this article would cease to be about this particular Biennale.

In painting, the leading fashion this year, centred round Jackson Pollock in the United States pavilion, is for smack-slap-and-dribble abstracts—the equivalent of the literary productions of the monkey on the typewriter. In sculpture there are many smooth shapes that recall the womb in all different kinds of colours and sizes. There are also serious restrospective exhibitions of Delacroix, Villon, Juan Gris, Mondrian, the charming Dufy-like Italian Impressionist de Pisis, and Van der Leck who is little known in London but was as interesting an artist as his contemporary Mondrian. What, however, I want to write a few words about are the recent works.

This country is represented by Lynn Chadwick, who in a close finish with Giacometti won the International Prize for Sculpture, Ivon Hitchins, Middleditch, Greaves, Smith and Bratby. The catalogue says that Chadwick's "bow-legged, ponderous structures armed to excess against aggression, make an eloquent contribution to what Sir Herbert Read . . . . has called The Geometry of Fear." The *Oxford Dictionary* says of *fetish:* "inanimate object worshipped by savages for its magical powers." The Hitchins landscapes conjure up, more strongly than I would have thought possible, English copse light, though they remain so generalised in form that by one of the axiomatic paradoxes of art they lack the universality which only a painting of a particular place can gain. Greaves and Middleditch appear very English, slightly inhibited and deeply serious.

Among the most interesting features of the exhibition are the contributions from the Communist countries. The Russian pavilion is full of academic works such as have hung for years in the Tretchakov Gallery Moscow—pictures of fishermen, girls in the fields, family conferences, street scenes, moral anecdotes, harvests and (to us) boringly painted landscapes suffused with highly poetic feeling. There are no obvious cult works. It is now becoming fashionable, even on the left, to condemn such typical Soviet art. Per-

sonally my attitude has not changed and I am not prepared to do so. Its basis I am convinced is a Russian and national one. Its values are consistent and logical and it has grown up under conditions which, bureaucratic mistakes notwithstanding, *have* established a natural context for art in Soviet life. Such art completely lacks one quality which we are bound to value but the exclusive importance of which we probably exaggerate—visual curiosity. From the unenviable point of view of a culture like ours, where the essential problem with the deepest psychological and social roots is that of the artist's conscience in relation to his public context, I cannot at the very worst see this Russian lack as contemptible but only as one of under-development.

The evidence of the Polish contribution suggests that, at least temporarily, the whole concept of Socialist Realism has been dropped. The works selected might all be mistaken for Parisian ones—some are almost abstract, all are intimate in subject and formalist in style. They are also all very feeble. But that is not what is depressing. What is, is that this selection evades all the challenges and problems. Away from the Cant! Back to the Studios! But it could be—for Poland with its Western tradition of art is in a unique position—out to the City Walls for the honour of Pissarro, Gauguin, Léger! The Czech selection also evades the challenge or is incapable of rising to it, and consists of book illustrations reminiscent of Swiss advertisements for milk chocolate.

The surprise is the Rumanian pavilion. I know nothing of the history of Rumanian art, but here is a remarkable phenomenom: nineteenth-century stylised painting which is not in the least academic, pictures painted today which might have been painted by lively contemporaries of Manet or Courbet. The show is dominated by the canvases of a fifty-year-old painter called Corneliu Baba. As soon as one drops the worship of the word "contemporary," as if—to use Wyndham Lewis's excellent phrase—it was an assurance of unfailing youth, one has to recognise that Baba, who is apparently mainly an informal portrait painter, may well be a master. Yet the positiveness of the Rumanian contribution does not rely on Baba's gifts alone. The whole show implies a rejection of the foreign Soviet emphasis on moral anecdotes and at the same time a belief that there can be such a thing as Socialist art.

The single work which by its scale, achievement and ambition dominates all others at Venice is Guttuso's *Figures on a Beach*. Amongst other things, this painting meets the demand already mentioned for art derived from pleasure. The most important canvas Guttuso has yet painted, it is, if you can imagine such an unusual combination, an epic of *joie de vivre*. It contains about 30 figures, the foreground ones over life-size, lying in one another's arms, running into the sea, sunbathing, doing hand-stands, drying themselves, reading, lying on their stomachs and talking, until at the top of the canvas the heat haze makes them practically invisible at the far end of the beach. Yet this picture is dominating not only because of its enormous energy: nor only because it wrests the girl in the bikini from the idol world of Miss Universe and puts her on the beach to be lived with: like all Guttuso's major canvases it is a demonstration, and challenge which may further the development of contemporary painting. This canvas poses many essential problems which are obvious enough when stated, but which are ignored by nearly all artists today because their impulse is to narrow and refine instead of extend. How to equate actual colour with Impressionist light? How to equate Géricault with Picasso—of whom there is a portrait in homage in the middle distance? How to preserve the fervour of Romanticism and yet avoid all nostalgia? How to combine the intimacy of Degas with the monumentality of Gauguin? How to create a Diana whom it would not be incongruous to see eating an ice-cream? How to learn to draw again in such a way as to force the spectator away from the method of drawing, back to the object drawn and through it to the general. The list could continue, but so briefly expressed may sound too vague. The fact remains, however, that Guttuso is the great teacher of painting today. Art students should study him, for what he can teach will eventually enable them to surpass him.

JOHN BERGER

Go West

THEY all do, at one time or another, so that it's difficult to think of those who do not. Griffith went East, Chaplin to the cold North. Garbo has never, I think, fancied herself as either cowgirl or squaw. The touch of Ophüls is yet to be felt in some scandalous, if exquisite, romance of the ranch. But most of the others—producers, directors, script-writers and stars—have gone, including some odd reversions: Miss Crawford, for example, in black and in melodrama of a Freudian intensity. And no doubt Miss Dors, in due time, will pay a titillating visit.

It is partly genuine, partly habitual, this near call of the wild. That it *is* near, still on the doorstep and round the corner, is a saving throb in the life of Hollywood: Westerns have provided quite a slice of the world's entertainment since the beginning of films. Of course, they have changed, and go on changing: the man who rode hard and shot straight has developed complexes (chip on the shoulder); the wicked redskin is now understood, sometimes only too well; girls are less rapeable, dogs less inclined to die devotedly, and, with the wide screen, the wide open spaces—always paramount—have come into their own. It is a tradition, a can't-miss appeal, that goes on.

Several Westerns his week have caught shelterers from the storm. At the Rialto *The Proud Ones* has a fling with the sheriff who has to be tough to be good, who has shot someone's father because in those days most fathers needed shooting, who rallies the town against the smooth bearded gangster with the new saloon. The Eighties, stock scenes in bars and round verandas, the saddle boys coming to town, sweet jig-music and a lonesome tune whistled off-screen, Robert Ryan as the stout sheriff who suffers from momentary blurring of vision. There are niceties about the quick draw which fans will appreciate.

The Searchers (Warner's) starts quite different feelings with its opening shots of Monument Valley. We have visited there before: notably, in *Stagecoach*. Again, the director is John Ford, and this time the enormous landscape reveals a pin-point figure approaching an isolated farmstead. One by one the family come out. It seems to take hours, with the big screen growing every moment bigger, and in that dramatic delay the whole nature of film is trailed: landscape will loom beautifully, a stranger may be an enemy, two letters a year make history. The approaching figure (John Wayne) is not recognised by us or the family till he has dismounted and lounged forward. He still wears a dark-blue coat; and the Civil War (but what does it mean here?) was over three years ago. They celebrate. Three days later the Indians have burnt the place to the ground, murdered everyone except two girls (whom they have carried off) the stranger out of the distance and a half-caste adopted son. These two, accompanied by the lover of one of the girls, set off on the long journey to look for her.

The journey is appalling. Burning sands change to snow (this is too perfunctory); one of them—the lover—gets killed; the remaining two fight out a battle of natures—each being impetuous in different ways. They find the girl: she has become a Comanche squaw. There is a scene when she must be either rescued or ruthlessly shot. The film manages to escape doing either.

It goes off in rather another direction: surprisingly that of comedy. And excellent comedy it is, with the various figures—a posse-leading clergyman, a loony old wanderer, the two Searchers, and others—growing in stature. But this is really a second film. One feels that Ford could have made a masterpiece as he set out, with the search party degenerating into cynical mania and reaching a climax with the discovery of the girl; but that he has gone on and flung in all the life and kicks he knows. The final love snatch has no preparation, the diversions haven't perhaps quite added up: still one can't regret it, and, faults and all, this is a film one could see several more times.

Also in this week of the pioneering West is a British film doing the North-West circuit, *Ramsbottom Rides Again*, with "That big-hearted son-of-a-gun, Arthur Askey"; but to such occasions the critic is not asked.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

New Works at the Proms

IN the first week's programmes at the Proms there were several of those welcome bracketed announcements that betoken some kind of first performance. Rather surprisingly Milhaud's Harp Concerto was introduced to England on the traditionally rowdy opening night—a cool, slender piece that hardly made its proper effect sandwiched between the Cortège from *Coq d'Or* and Chabrier's *Fête Polonaise*. It was written in 1953 for Nicanor Zabaleta, who played it on this occasion with limpid mastery; unfortunately the orchestral writing, so misleadingly simple, was shaped with too little care, so that climaxes seemed to happen rather than to grow. Monday brought the first public performance in London of Kodaly's *Peacock Variations*. Kodaly wrote the work in 1939 for the fiftieth anniversary of the Concertgebouw Orchestra, and every department is given a chance to display its technique. The sixteen variations don't really hang together, partly because the harmonic implications of the pentatonic folk-song theme are weak; nevertheless each variation is served with such an appetising orchestral sauce that one barely flags. The same cannot be said of a *Sinfonietta Flamenca* by Carlos Surinach, a Catalan composer now living

August, 1956 *Price 7s. 6d.*

University Commentary
J. S. FULTON

Science and Human Values—2
J. BRONOWSKI

Universities and the Gene Ethic
GEORGE H. WYBURN

History and Philosophy of Science
STEPHEN TOULMIN

Higher Education in the Colonies
A. P. THOMSON

Scientists for the Universities
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Huxley's Idea of a University
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UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY

Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

in New York. This made no claims to be more than light music and can be excused for having no formal interest, but we have a right to expect some melodic distinction, some attractive scoring. All I could find to enjoy was a repeated Stravinskyan chord in the middle of the slow movement, and the prospect of that will not be enough to entice me to a second performance. The lack of real musical substance was highlighted by the performance of Shostakovitch's First Symphony which preceded it—a sprawling giant child of a symphony, but alive in every limb.

All these works were played by the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent, and received (as might be expected) performances that were efficient, though sometimes lacking subtlety or insight. On Thursday, however, the one really important novelty of the week was given, and this time it was the turn of the London Symphony Orchestra under Basil Cameron. Aaron Copland's Third Symphony was written for the Koussevitsky Foundation in 1946, and was at once acclaimed as his greatest work. The diatonic melodies with their suggestions of folk-song and hymn-tune, the clear sonorities, the flexible rhythms that are familiar from *Appalachian Spring,* are here shaped into a highly organised and entirely convincing four-movement structure. There is, too, a fresh element of unashamed rhetoric that could be embarrassing in a work that conveyed less depth of feeling. On this occasion it was not the rhetoric but the performance that caused embarrassment. The L.S.O. contains many good players, but they were unable to do justice either to themselves or to the score under Cameron's dispiriting direction. One might charitably have assumed that this was due to the difficulties of a new and under-rehearsed work, but on the following day we were offered a shamefully flabby performance of *La Mer,* a twentieth-century classic that can hardly be new to either conductor or orchestra. Also in Friday's programme was a *Concert Champêtre* for violin and orchestra by Leighton Lucas—graceful afternoon music, whose effect was rather marred by the differing tempi taken by the soloist, Louis Kaufman, and the composer, who was conducting.

All in all, then, a frustrating week, since after a good beginning it progressed to modified disaster. One can only hope that the BBC will soon give us another chance to hear the Copland symphony, this time under Dorati or Bernstein, or even one of our own younger conductors.

JEREMY NOBLE

Adding to the Credit

THE miracle-worker who persuaded Associated-Rediffusion to include Elmer Rice's play, *The Adding Machine,* at the peak viewing hour of eight in last Monday night's Channel 9 programme was not rewarded by much attention from the daily television critics; and some who did review it seemed to have been flummoxed by the fairly obvious, if woolly, symbolism of this bitter social morality.

The Adding Machine is not, I think, a very good play. Some of its tricks and some of its language, which seemed breathtakingly advanced in 1924, now inevitably seem dated. But it has characters who, even if most of them are "types", can be brought to life, dramatic situations which offer excellent opportunities to the skilled TV producer and cameramen, and a momentum which carried us through a heavy load of commercials. These seemed particularly ironical in this context, since *The Adding Machine,* though written before TV, is largely a satire on the ideal viewer of commercial television, the lowest common moron. It is unfortunate, too, when a play is interrupted by a commercial containing, as so many of them do, dialogue. ("Omo improves even on perfect whiteness." "Even on *perfect* whiteness"?)

Despite its merits, this could have been an awful flop, if handled incompetently. That it was a near-triumph is greatly to the credit of the director, Desmond Davis, and the actors. The production was very much in the old, highly stylised, expressionist manner: for instance, when the central character, Mr. Zero, was sacked, he and his boss and the high desk at which they sat facing each other started whirling round in a circle at increasing speed; and to convey the nightmare banality of the party conversation of the Zeros' friends, they were made to sit stiffly, like dummies, in a close row and the camera moved rapidly over their faces as each contributed one phrase to the same standard joke.

Bill Owen was an appealing and vital Zero. If he had not been so, he might not have held our interest; yet I felt afterwards that he should have excited contempt as well as liking and pity. He seemed too much of a person in his own right to be quite the cringing, *petit-bourgeois* dimwit to whom an official of the nether world could say, with such conviction: "If ever there was a soul in the world marked 'slave', it's you. . . . All the kings and all the bosses have left their marks on your backside." The rest of the cast were uniformly good. One of the most polished of the minor performances was that of Miriam Karlin as Zero's harassed, nagging, socially ambitious wife.

Now that this experiment has been made—and one is bound, in the circumstances, to hope that the TAM rating's report won't show that there was a mass switch-over to a rather silly BBC panel game—perhaps A-R's drama producers will start looking for some really modern plays.

* * *

Countrywise, a pleasant and unpretentious little programme, is included occasionally in *Mainly for Women*; I don't quite know why, for most of it would appeal to men, and children, as well. Last Monday afternoon's edition showed us some really thrilling bird films from the Shetlands—a close-up of tern with their nestlings (the latter's markings a perfect camouflage against the rocks), Arctic skua swooping down to attack a friendly but intrusive bird-watcher. This was capped by Mr. Percy Edwards, who has a remarkable gift for imitating the cries of sea-birds. I had not realised that the kittiwake's name (like the cuckoo's and the peewit's) was onomatopœic: Mr. Edwards showed it to be closely so, though he said that, to him, the cry often sounded more like "get *away* . . . get *away*".

Village Scrapbook, compiled by the Women's Institute of Pembridge, Herefordshire, was a peaceful interlude in the same programme. Pembridge looks so charming a village that it is surely dangerous to show it on TV: somebody will be itching to build a power-station or something in the middle of it.

* * *

Having praised ITN rather often, I must in fairness say that I thought the BBC TV news had slightly the better of the gale pictures on Sunday night. ITN had some fairly sensational spray-over-esplanade; but the BBC caught some girls being thrown violently to the ground by the wind.

I do wish, though, that Mr. Frank Phillips had just a trace of the other boys' *bonhomie.* He is a good, kind, worthy man, but every syllable is as perfectly articulated (*sei-zure, Ports-mouth, av-er-age*) as if he were lecturing an audience of mentally deficient foreigners; and one has a faint suspicion that he thinks he is.

* * *

Correcting Television Picture Faults, by John Cura and Leonard Stanley (Iliffe, 3s. 6d.), should help people who take their viewing seriously and like messing about with their own sets (but *do* remember to take out the mains plug before removing the safety covers). Numerous pictures illustrate depressingly familiar faults—for instance, "horizontal trapezium distortion," which makes even the leanest panellists fatuously chubby; "line break-up," which gives one the illusion of viewing through a Venetian blind; and the impenetrable and maddening (though aesthetically not displeasing) "wickerwork" effect.

What I chiefly suffer from is not strictly a fault but what the booklet calls "severe interference causing line-pulling"—due, no doubt, to the neighbours' electric razors, sewing machines, or vacuum-cleaners. One has to fill in a Post Office form to get this dealt with. Mr. Cura and Mr. Stanley seem hopeful of the ability of the GPO engineers to stop it. They may have some success in remote country districts, but to trace one particular source of interference in a modern block of all-electric flats must surely be like looking for a grain of gold-dust on a sandy beach.

It is a depressing (or refreshing) thought that the more viewers respond to commercials urging them to buy more electric gadgets, the more difficult they may be making it for their neighbours and themselves to see more commercials.

TOM DRIBERG

"The Mighty Hunter" and "Don't Destroy Me," at the New Lindsey Theatre

It is a welcome change to find that young writers are now turning to the theatre as a medium. Mr. Michael Hastings, the author of this play about a mixed-up kid in a Brixton boarding house, is, we are told, only eighteen. This is at once the justification and the excuse for putting on his first rather muddled and overlong play. The trouble about the very young is that they are absorbed—quite rightly—in problems that have been explored often before, and they are never bored, again very naturally, by the intensity of their own feelings about what is new to them, and don't consider whether or not they are boring others. The sixteen-year-old boy in *Don't Destroy Me* comes late to live with his quarrelsome drunk father and his handsome step-mother and discovers, what we knew from the beginning, that she is sleeping with the spiv from across the landing. The atmosphere of the boarding house is quite well caught, and the relationship between the boy and the waif girl from upstairs is touching and truthful, but not much is made of the story, and the problem of making the inarticulate articulate baffles the young author, as it has baffled many others before him.

This play is preceded by one of Mr. Wolf Mankowitz's charming fables, *The Mighty Hunter.* "Remember you are only a man," says the bowler-hatted and bearded Adam (excellently done by Warren Mitchell) as he hands the suit of success to Nimrod. But like all the others, Nimrod, going from success to success, forgets. The piece is delightfully written; it needed an audience more responsive to its sly Jewish humour—and, of course, a larger stage.

T. C. W.

The Festival Ballet, at The Royal Festival Hall

Les Deux Errants, which had its London première at the Royal Festival Hall this week, is an imaginative effort to break away from the stereotyped romanticism and ghastly good taste which too often obscure the natural talent of this improving young company. Choreographer Wolfgang Brunner, whose first ballet this is, has sought to express the doubts and frustrations of two lost and lonely souls in abstract terms against a striking black and white decor by Dan Snyder and a vigorous (if superficial) musical score by Bill Russo—both Americans. The ballet is virtually a *pas de deux,* danced with poignant grace by Belinda Wright and with an effective rough intensity by Michael Hogan. It just fails to make its full impact, mainly because the choreographer's technical invention is not yet quite rich enough to sustain the tension which his theme demands. There are too many aimless gestures and wasted moments. Part of the difficulty arises from the rather shapeless score, which mounts to a climax of intensity about half-way through, when the tormented boy and girl first meet, and then peters out in anti-climax as they find satisfaction together. Mr. Brunner has not entirely overcome this difficulty: his "curtain"—boy and girl walking hand in hand into the sunrise—is pure cliché. He should not, however, be discouraged by this criticism, as, indeed, the warmth of his first night reception will already have assured him. A so nearly successful first shot makes one eager to see more of this combination of choreographer and designer as they gain experience in craftsmanship.

J. F.

Correspondence

DEAD AND DUMB SCIENCES

SIR,—Dr. Balogh's review of Mrs. Robinson's *The Accumulation of Capital* and Stuart Hampshire's review of Mr. Laslett's collection of essays on political philosophy, in your issue of July 21, are significant, especially if read together. Could any contrast be greater than that between the state of the disciplines which they respectively describe? As Balogh writes, economics appear to be, at last, breaking through to a stage in its own development at which it can give an analysis of the development of society sufficiently realistic to begin to be a useful guide to action. On the other hand, political philosophy, Stuart Hampshire tells us, has fallen either "dead or dumb," unable to do more than repeat "the old commonplaces with which we have all agreed, or disagreed, long ago."

Yet neither Balogh nor anyone else can be satisfied with the state of economics either; it is still for the most part dominated, as he says, by its "inveterate tendency to lend spurious exactitude to vague tendencies through mathematical formulæ." It is the glory of Mrs. Robinson's new book that, though issuing from Cambridge itself, it transcends this tendency—though with what difficulty! (Judging by my first two readings of it, I still find in it far too much of what might be called "equational thinking," i.e., of the delusion that when an idea has been expressed in symbols instead of words, or supposed identities have been discovered, the idea becomes not only exact, but relevant: yet Mrs. Robinson, as Balogh says, is streets ahead of most of her colleagues in this respect.)

What I want to suggest in this letter is that political philosophy can only "come alive" and find its voice if and when its exponents master contemporary economic theory and include it as one element in their field of study. Similarly the economists will only fight their way out of their almost equally "dead and dumb" equations when they see, as Balogh writes, that "an economic system is determined by historic configuration rather than a self-sufficient economic mechanism with settled laws," and when they see also "the essentially historic character of economic growth, which in its infinite variety defies easy prediction."

Moreover, Hampshire's apology for British political philosophers will not do. They are bound to be as dull as Oakeshott, he concludes his review, because this is such a nice, stable, uneventful, quiet society in which we all live. Well, what events *would* make our political philosophers sit up and take notice? So far this century Britain has been through the great slump, mass unemployment and two world wars—mere soporifics for our political philosophers apparently! Is it not clear that the deadness and dumbness of political philosophy is due to a refusal, or an inability, to analyse human society, so large a part of which consists in the social relations into which men find that they have entered as a result of their efforts to get their livings? And is it not similarly clear that the economists have until very recently been doing largely pointless mathematical exercises (and the main body are still doing them) because they have neglected the decisive influence of the political institutions which men have thus set up—influences which defy all attempts at expression in quantitative terms?

When people ask the question, what now remains of Marx, is not the answer that Marx's supreme achievement is that he was at the same time and to an equal degree an economist and a political philosopher? That is why his influence survives all and every error of prediction which time reveals him to have made. If every specific proposition which Marx put forward could now be shown to have been ill-founded (which is by no means the case) his writings would never go "dead and dumb," because they continually wrestle, sometimes successfully, sometimes unsuccessfully, with the *interactions* between economic, social and political phenomena. When, in heaven's name, will our contemporary economists and political philosophers realise that they will never even tackle their joint subject until they see it as one indissoluble whole? And if they still find it

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far too indiscreet to admit that Marx was ever in the right, let them go back farther still to Adam Smith, who actually called himself a philosopher, not an economist. Anyhow, down with "pure" political theory and "pure" economics, and up with political economy in the oldest sense of the term.

House of Commons. JOHN STRACHEY

BEHIND THE MOTOR STRIKE

SIR,—When your editorial says: "But that does not mean that wider issues can be ignored by the unions," and goes on to hint at such wider issues, it entirely ignores (so far as I can see) the widest issues of all.

(1) It is quite clear that (unless some cataclysm supervenes) the hours in the working week are going to get progressively shorter as automation and peaceful atomic energy develop. It is no use making these facts the excuses for a series of pitched battles. There must be some sort of co-operative long-term approach. Is anything of the sort being started anywhere?

(2) Eskimos used to spend all their waking hours keeping alive, and were a cheerful race. Throughout history, men with time to spare, either through being rich or in some other way, have tended to hover on the edge of lethal boredom except when they have been genuinely religious. We already have more spare time and more boredom than the Eskimo, and on the whole we are not religious. What would happen to us if we suddenly found ourselves with a five-day week of four-hour days now? Pseudo-religion would hardly save us from dying of boredom, and few of us have even got that. Before very long, the problem of how to live freely, as it affects three thousand million people, will cease to look like an academic game for a few intellectuals. Is anyone (except Mr. Colin Wilson) giving the matter serious attention?

It is not surprising that the main political parties have ignored these problems. Indeed both seemed as much flabbergasted as if the sackings had been caused by an earthquake. But it would have been incredible if it had not been true that the *N.S. & N.* seemed almost equally astonished; and your editorial seems to me to show no sign of serious thinking even now.

HUGH HECKSTALL-SMITH

Totnes, Devon.

THE PRICE OF ABOLITION

SIR,—The article by Giles Playfair and Derrick Sington will do a lot of good but it does not go half far enough. "Abolition this Year" was a blunder because it was bound to raise the suspicion of abolition at any price, and to make matters worse the new abolitionists scrapped the traditional educational campaign against the death penalty and substituted crude, and in some cases unscrupulous, propaganda against hanging. The next mistake was the refusal to discuss the difficulties in the minds of reasonable inquirers. For example, take the dilemma that if a man like Heath is kept confined under present conditions of maximum security he will rot to death: if he is not so confined he will escape and kill more and more girls. It was impossible to persuade any abolitionist editor to publish the suggestion that if a man like Heath was sent to an open prison and escaped the Home Secretary would be lynched. (The exaggeration saves space.) Or that "Utrecht" experiments are quite out of the question in this country, with the result that that kind of murderer cannot have the slightest hope of ever being released. And what governor is going to give Straffen any chances to escape? Life in confinement *without any hope at all* is slow death, and it will probably be ten years before any safe institutions are built. Another example of avoiding awkward questions was the refusal to discuss the castration of psychopathic murderers. Is it or is it not the view of the National Campaigners that the slow death in prison of a few psychopathic murderers is a small price to pay for the abolition of hanging next year?

Wetherby, Yorkshire. R. L. KITCHING

SWEDEN OFF THE WAGGON

SIR,—Your correspondent's tendentious interpretation of Swedish life and manners seems better suited to *Time* magazine than the NEW STATESMAN. My own observations of Swedish drinking habits, during 1950-55, are admittedly impressionistic. Nevertheless, I find that several of his evaluations must be challenged.

In the first instance, it is most unlikely that any great embarrassment arose (during the days of rationing of spirits) in "wrangling over deci-litres in public places." A more or less general system of social and sex differentiation of patrons among Swedish restaurants has long existed on an informal basis. Consequently, where such wrangling occurred, it was part of the accepted pattern of behaviour. In establishments where patrons might object to wrangling, it was never necessary.

My impression of the "dehumanised liquor store" is quite the opposite of that of your Stockholm correspondent. These retail outlets, run by the government wine and spirits monopoly, are clean, orderly and well organised. Their shop assistants are courteous, efficient and helpful. The system of identification of types and brands of beverage by number greatly facilitates the retailing process. Yet, in my experience, it has always been possible to ask for one's spirits by brand name, and, if the customer desires, to ask about the comparative qualities of the products.

Finally, on the subject of the solitary drinker: indeed, he exists in Sweden—but whether his type is more "typical" of that country than, say, Britain or the United States, I should hesitate to say. With respect to the "group pub crawl"—it is far from unknown. I have enjoyed such outings in the company of factory workers, students and white-collar employees on different occasions. Further, I can recollect numerous instances in which kindness and consideration, and, on occasion, physical assistance, was rendered cheerfully to individuals who had taken one too many.

These objections, taken out of context, are trivial. Heavy drinking and alcoholism are serious problems in Sweden. If it is your intention to inform your readers of social problems such as this, it would seem important that impressions of social behaviour patterns be accurate. One suspects that your Stockholm correspondent has not pursued his sociological researches into Swedish drinking very thoroughly. Lest he hesitate at the prospect before him, let him be of good cheer—one need not drink too much to understand why others do so.

Berkeley, California. DONALD J. BLAKE

EUROPEAN ÉMIGRÉS

SIR,—While finding myself in agreement with many of the conclusions in Mr. John Freeman's remarkable article on the People's Democracies, I am sure that many readers will object to the arrogant manner in which he treats the eastern European *émigrés*. People who have had to leave their country to avoid persecution for political activities which we in western Europe—including, I hope, Mr. Freeman—consider perfectly legitimate cannot be impatiently dismissed as mere nuisances if they are not prepared to "return to fight their battles from inside." Doubtless Mr. Freeman is right that some of the *émigré* activities do more harm than good; few of us can sympathise with those groups whose aim is to restore pre-war feudal dictatorships. That, however, is no excuse for being rude to the large groups of refugees whose only crime is that they claim their right to have different opinions. And how dare Mr. Freeman urge them to return, while at the same time informing us that, in Czechoslovakia, there has been no general release of political prisoners? If they follow his advice some of them may soon find themselves fighting their battles from inside a prison cell.

Copenhagen. SVEN DANÖ

POLISH STATISTICAL YEARBOOK

SIR,—Your contributor, Mr. John Freeman, in his excellent article entitled "Profile of a People's Democracy", states:

"The Poles, to their great credit, have now resumed publication, for the first time since 1939, of their Statistical Yearbook."

Copies of the Polish Statistical Yearbook for 1947 and 1948 have been available for consultation in the Commercial Department of the Manchester Central Library from the month of publication. They were published in Warsaw in 1947 and 1949 respectively, the latter being the last English edition.

Central Library, Manchester, 2. D. I. COLLEY, *City Librarian.*

[John Freeman writes: "I am grateful to Mr. Colley for pointing out my slip of the pen. I should have written 1949 instead of 1939."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LENIN'S TESTAMENT

SIR,—The charge that Communists have distorted Lenin's "testament" is true, but not the worst. How Stalinists dealt with history depended, as in politics, on the audience. Inside the party, it was usual, I found, to tell the innocents (skilled workers, ex-liberal intellectuals, and keen, bright-eyed university students) that there *never was* a "testament," and that this had been invented by Trotsky. Mr. Emile Burns was careless enough, even within this last year, to do this. He forgot that he was not lecturing to one of his study circles, when, in reply to an article in *The Listener*, he wrote a letter denying that Lenin had ever left such a "testament." He was unfortunate in being no longer in the ivory tower (which, as Krushchev said, had been inhabited by Stalin for a quarter of a century) as the author of the article immediately produced the evidence; there followed complete silence on the part of Mr. Burns. . . .

COMMUNARD

SIR,—My comrade, Andrew Rothstein, does our party no service by his zealousness in arguing about the party's treatment of Lenin's "testament." The different translations of certain words and phrases which have appeared in the Trotskyite and now the authorised version show no difference of any substance or importance.

The *History of the C.P.S.U.(B)* and the various articles, pamphlets, etc., published or distributed by the Communist Party in Britain for many years have educated thousands of Communists, such as myself, to believe that Stalin was Lenin's closest comrade from the days of the Revolution onwards. The fact that Lenin proposed that a way be found to remove Stalin from his post as general secretary was no part of our education.

There are Communist Party members today who are anxious to demonstrate that their past mistakes arose out of honestly and sincerely accepting the facts and interpretations handed out to them, and that this failure to realise their errors, arose out of a fervour for the cause of Socialism and the defence of the Soviet Union which blinded them. They are anxious to prove their loyalty to the cause of Socialism, and their desire for unity with their Labour comrades, by admitting their mistakes and by proving in practice that in future loyalty to the truth is essential to their Socialist principles. The road may be a long one, but it is the only road.

VERITAS

G.B.S.

SIR,—I wonder if you've ever come across John Bakeless's little verse:

I seek earth's greatest man, no less,
Said G.K.C. to G.B.S.
"Don't you suppose that might be me?"
Said G.B.S. to G.K.C.

Bassenthwaite, Keswick. A. M. DOBSON

THE N.S. FOR THE COLONIES

SIR,—We would like to find readers of your paper who would be willing to send their copies to nominated people in the colonial territories. If there are would they please write to us at the address given below.

JOYCE REIS

Movement for Colonial Freedom,
374 Grays Inn Road, W.C.1.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Word by Word

THE *Pelican Book of English Prose** in five volumes, beginning at 1550 and ending in 1880, is a first-class anthology of the variety of normal English writing. The extracts are delightful in themselves; they are taken to illustrate the personality and events of each period, its handling of ideas, its imaginative writing and its criticism; and, aided by a scholarly introduction to each volume, we are intended to form an idea of the growth and vicissitudes of English prose. We are not given very much fine writing, but are rather led to see how, in each age, prose styles were made, developed or disposed of; and since we live in one of those periods of crisis in prose style and of language itself, there can be no more stimulating study. The sole complaint is the obvious one. Why leave us in the air at 1880 when, we now suspect, our present troubles began? The last extract in Mr. Kenneth Allott's edition is from an essay by Walter Pater. It reads like a prayer of valediction to the departed rather than an injunction to the writers yet to be born. Between that time and this lies much painted artifice, many enormities and much cowering by the unremarkable. It seems that the difficulties of copyright have cost us this lost volume. It would have made the fur fly.

In this state we look at the periods of major crisis of the past. Changes in prose correspond naturally to changes in society, and change is made by self-conscious men. It is proper to initiators; it is not the self-consciousness we are warned against when we learn to write, though there is no such thing as a natural style unlearned. (We can be certain that Butler taught himself to ignore style and to be plain; just as Ruskin, though brought up on Dr. Johnson, taught himself to be mellifluous, so that in a characteristic image he could compare the symmetry and balance of Johnson to "thunder answering from two horizons".) The initiators may live on when the changes they have made are themselves changed in turn. The sonorous Johnson does not; Dryden does. The Victorians who rejected 18th-century prose, continued to learn by Addison; and though Coleridge attacked Gibbon, and of Johnson said that "the essence of his style consisted in a mock antithesis, that is an opposition of mere sounds", Romantic prose did not become established until long after Romantic poetry. The Augustans were architecturally strong. We can see the causes of any new reign of prose but we cannot guess when it will begin, nor how long it will live on in its heirs.

We ourselves are at the point of chaos. We inherit from the Victorians some eclecticism—it is Mr. Kenneth Allott's definition—in the matter of style though we have not their colonising energy. We may play with the idea, as we read his anthology, that we have a lot in common with the Elizabethans, but that is a delusion. We are not word-drunk. We are word-importers, not word-inventors. No one, except the intoxicated grammarian Joyce, can be praised or taxed with invention. We cannot write Ralegh's direct narrative nor yet his wonderful reflections on the vanity of the world, for we have not believed in the world as the hard and grasping Elizabethans did. We have no reason for the music of a comparable remorse: we have not been so purely ruthless:

> We find by dear and lamentable experience, and by the loss which can never be repaired, that of all our vain passions and affections past, the sorrow only abideth. . . . He shall find that of all art which his elder years have, can draw no other vapour out of these dissolutions, than heavy, secret and sad sighs. He shall find nothing remaining but those sorrows, which grow up after our fast-springing youth, overtake it, when it is at a stand; and overlap it utterly, when it begins to wither.

Nothing equals the Elizabethan disillusion. It is sudden and mortal. We are likelier to be near the writers of the 17th century who, after so much greedy outward-looking sought, as Mr. Peter Ure says, "to look without and within". Our scientific interests take us back to the famous programme of the Royal Society; and to what is "lucid, easy—and by contrivance, of course—desultory in appearance". Johnson on Dryden's prefaces is at once sympathetic:

> They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled: every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little is gay; what is great is splendid. . . . Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all is careless, there is nothing harsh.

We might think that our new, vulgar England—and the new respectable England—which has thrown over capitalism, is ready for the "unconscious rhetoric" (Mr. D. W. Jefferson's phrase, in the most readable of these introductions) of Defoe, the Third Programme voice of Addison, and the visual harshness of Richardson. We could advance this on the parallel of the two social revolutions; but what Coleridge called "the assurances of 1688" are gone for ever. We have had the revolution without assurances in the outside world. Without looking for emotional or historical help in the past, we have to face the fact that between us and everything stand the Victorians. We have not shaken them off. We still invite them back as they, indeed, invited the 18th century.

And so, one turns with reluctant realism to Mr. and Mrs. Allott's suggestive commentary on Victorian writing—alerting because they have been able to apply definitions in a short space to a huge and overwhelmingly near subject. They set out the main characteristics of Victorian prose: copiousness, number and wide variety of styles, unevenness of quality, seriousness of tone and moral engagement, concreteness and particularity. The Victorians are shapeless: "Much Victorian prose in and out of the novel is written in a looser style [than 'the middle style' of the 18th century] which for its very shapelessness and indiscipline one is tempted to say is no style at all, or—with apologies to John Stuart Mill—merely a 'permanent possibility of style'." It is this guessing which strikes home at us, and led them eventually into the dandyism of Meredith and Stevenson. His "sedulous aping" has its echo in our contemporary adaptations of Proust which are, however, real and idiosyncratic, and they show that style is still conceived as a possibility, not as a necessity. It is a strong point for Victorian prose that it was powerful in argument and peculiar in its power of conveying detail; but the most suggestive fact, for ourselves, is that the Victorians felt, in Mr. and Mrs. Allott's view, an uncommon sense of the dramatic and the mysterious. To this they brought their great energy and will. If prose grows out of the predominant moods of a society, we see what the difference is between our masters and ourselves. It is not merely a matter of change from a middle-class society to whatever we are supposed to have today—the fact that we do not know has its relevance—it is a matter of change of temper. When our religious repatriates convict the world of original sin, they do so with a passive resignation or a sigh of relief, which they will not find in the splendid drama of Newman's *Apologia*. Our eccentrics are not dramatic as Carlyle was when he wrestled with both syntax and Mammon. Dickens rings down the curtain in indignation or in comic soliloquy. George Eliot sits in judgment. Ruskin is a dramatist. And it was because they found life mysterious that they went far beyond their range in moral speculation.

In a society more just than theirs, but far more precarious, we live without this sense of drama or this feeling for mystery. Written English has become chaotic. We have had a phase of violent iconoclasm in prose. It has been choked with images. It has imitated the 18th century. It has had to face the attack of the spoken word. It has been spun out in the vernacular. It has attempted by symbol, image and onomatopoeia to formulate the incommunicable monologues of the mind. If, in the 17th century, the Royal Society had felt that language as it existed was itself a barrier to communication, the feeling was acted upon by the author of *Finnegans Wake*. There has emerged, exhausted, a grey style trimmed for the misanthropic duties of recording the horrors of our world and the indifferent, unceasing busyness of the technically minded and those who specialise. We have had everything from the literal to the incomprehensible and, for a long time, our journalism has been our best. Even so, in this confusion, do we see any mood crystallising now or any signs of a new and perhaps decisive nebula in the manner of writing prose? As for mood, we can certainly say that Victorian drama has been eventually replaced by what I would call the sense of relatedness. We think not of the role but of the relationship. Negotiation in politics, co-operation in economics, a sensitive or a psychological concern and delicacy—to the

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* *The Pelican Book of English Prose.* General Editor: KENNETH ALLOTT. *Elizabethan and Jacobean;* Ed. KENNETH MUIR. *Seventeenth-Century;* Ed. PETER URE. *Eighteenth-Century;* Ed. DOUGLAS JEFFERSON. *Romantic;* Ed. RAYMOND WRIGHT. *Victorian;* Ed. KENNETH and MIRIAM ALLOTT. *Penguin Books.* 3s. 6d. *each.*

point of pedantry—in personal relations, are instances of what I mean. There has either been a settlement or there is a will to settle. We have become passive: democracies are. We can detect in writing the accent of the private virtues. I think I notice in criticism, specially—and criticism is in touch with the new society, because it teaches—the formation of a basic prose. It exists also in novels. It is anti-Victorian in that it is actively unofficial, off-hand in a lethal way, personal. As a style it is deviously a talking style, carrying with it also a good deal that is the talk of the mind to itself, artificially slack—"by contrivance, desultory"—expert in signals of allusion quickly picked up, disengaged, teasing with learned conceits and vernacular traps. Relaxed, it agrees that all men are equal, but that the talented are more equal than the others. It is passive and long-winded, suggests scientific patience and irreverence, although lucid is labyrinthine. To understand it is like jumping on to a bus while it is going, for one seems to be joining it after the sentence has begun, but once you are on you are on. Or, rather, once you are in you are in, for it suggests that democracy is a great clique. It is a prose which has sized up the value and weight of ideas and feelings, is prone to serious collisions taken light-heartedly. It is not urbane but on the spot; and, on the spot, conveys concern. Whether this is a real crystallisation or another contribution to journalism I do not know; but it can be identified.

V. S. PRITCHETT

In the Kingdom of Morvern

Landfall, the lochs
Cast in a cool brain.
Down valleys and gullies
The long sleep harbours of the deep,
Shouldering aside boulders
Shearing through steep shale
White-haired whisky rivers fall.
Amber waters tumble home,
Skyward farming out reels of rain where
Keel-hauled, the sailing sundown ploughs
Through crystal arenas of fish,
Netting the salmon tailed ocean's slipstream source,

And sanctuary
Sea-cliffs shipwreck heron
In a bay of spray,
Beach the devilled angel in a swan:
Wave, gull and guillemot
Each splash a chaffinch
Throughout an ancien. cuckoo kingdom
Travelling slowly toward the animal reign.
Dawn-mottled, the rocks move, lordly deer
Under the silent wings of the sun
One black and one gold
Dividing the world rolled under its golden eagle.

Yet find me a foundry
Fire and brimstone mountain
More foundering, to be found
Locked like the limpet-castle on the lake,
By whistling boys
With egg in elbow
When the rifle-barked smoke-signals crowd
On the many antlered hill
And one stag lies, with rainbow eyes
Torn by the bristling thistles and fern,
His gilded shroud
A world run wide and wild that was whole again.

J. F. HENDRY

The Card and the Charmer

William Nicholson. By LILLIAN BROWSE. *Hart-Davis.* 50*s.*

In an eighteen-page introductory sketch Miss Browse provides more facts than one could possibly have expected in so short a run, and she is lively and just; no chiding nor fawning. She realises that it is time that somebody with this attitude should have a go at Sir William. (The "Sir" never sounds quite right, for he never adjusted himself to the idea of the knighthood, just as he never allowed himself to be put up for election to the Royal Academy.) She sees that he was a slow developer; behindhand, like so many English painters, in putting faith in new æsthetic adventures. She sees that he was a card and a charmer, in love with life first and with painting second, that he was un-arty, fastidious, capable of working only under peaceable conditions, at the mercy of wars and domestic upheavals, induced to paint at his best by the chance, momentary play of light or effect of colour. She recognises the influence of Whistler, the absence of influence of Nicholson's French contemporaries, in spite of his early visits to Paris, and the presage in his work of that of Ben Nicholson, his eldest son. In fact, she sees everything that was interesting about him, and then reproduces fifty-three of his best pictures (he hardly ever did drawings, but a lonely sketch of the book's publisher and his sister when they were children decorates the title page), and she follows this with a *catalogue raisonné* of the oil paintings. This last occupies more space than all the rest put together, and bumps the book up into the semblance of a finely produced, privately printed catalogue of the works of art in a large country house; which is just what the artist would have liked. Few of the portraits are illustrated, and the concentration is on the smallish, occasional, moment-of-vision pictures done for love. Which is perfectly right—wholly justifiable.

William Nicholson married James Pryde's sister. "The couple began their domestic life by taking a little ex-public house at Denham, and it was there that Pryde soon came to pay a short visit and ended by staying a couple of years." Thus began the Beggarstaff Brothers partnership of the 1890s that produced the broad, flat-area-of-colour posters, influenced by Manet and Lautrec, that had a startling and lasting effect on "advanced" poster design. One of them, for Rowntree's Cocoa, was fifteen feet high; others advertised plays in which Irving was appearing. Dying Beggarstaff echoes are still heard, through the halls of Shell-Mex House and the tunnels of the Underground, and by this time they have had some influence on the practice of every lithographic printing-shop in the land. Single-minded Miss Browse reproduces no Beggarstaff posters, but a good article on them, with coloured pictures, exists. (*Alphabet and Image,* No. 4, 1947.)

Ten years later Nicholson was designing the costumes for *Peter Pan,* at the behest of Barrie, whose portrait he painted; and thereafter he became an influential stage designer. This activity is also treated quietly, indeed severely, by Miss Browse. Otherwise we might have been reminded of his gay and original designs for *Polly* which succeeded Lovat Fraser's *Beggar's Opera;* for this, as well as Pryde's *Othello,* woke the English theatre temporarily from its deep visual sleep.

The posters, the book illustrations, the theatre, were all in a way diversions. But so were the many portraits—among them *Max* (c. 1901), *Sybil Hart-Davis* (1913), *Walter Greaves* (1917), *Gertrude Jekyll* (1920). And all the rest of the work was, you might say, a rest and recuperation between such diversions. That was the trouble, and it is a good old basic trouble in English art. William Nicholson was always being diverted, or resting. But from what? He was in love with the delicate light on a gold lustre jug, or on some upturned mushrooms on a plate; with an upward sweep of the downs in Sussex or Wiltshire, with an early-Pasmore-like peony in a glass bottle or a Sickert-like shadow on a French quayside. He looked at these things searchingly for moments, with sudden bursts of tenderly appreciative insight, and registered them with an equal delicacy that looks like—occasionally too like, maybe—sleight of hand. But the emotion behind and beyond these momentary visions was intermittent and the half-discouraged talent frightened of itself, so the big and searching works never got done. It is a national disaster, not a personal one; though possibly it is especially an Edwardian one. An English artist here and there does succeed in living it down. But one wonders how on earth we managed to produce Turner; or rather how we managed to allow him to produce himself.

JOHN PIPER

The Canalist

Ferdinand de Lesseps. By CHARLES BEATTY. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 30*s.*

The Suez Canal is in the centre of the news but Ferdinand de Lesseps needs no accidental advertisement. Contemporaries knew him as *le grand Français.* His only asset was determination. He was not a trained engineer; and he never acquired technical knowledge. When projecting his canals, he simply drew lines on a map, and then hired out stretches to contractors. He had no financial connections; and the financial arrangements that he made—successfully in the case of Suez, unsuccessfully in the case of Panama—were of a peculiarity that defies description. His only method was to announce "the money will be forthcoming"; and it always was until the crash over Panama. He made no money for himself—he simply loved creating canals. Again, he had little political backing. When he first secured the concession for Suez, he was a half-pay Consul in disgrace with his own government; yet within a few years he had defied every Great Power and forced the canal through against the united diplomacy of Europe. He was a more beneficient Napoleon; and the only legacy he passed on to his children was the title of Count which his father had received during the Hundred Days. His creative powers were not assuaged by canals. Marrying again at the age of 64, he managed to beget a second family of twelve.

The story of de Lesseps's life is so extraordinary as to be almost unbearable. It is from start to last a fantasy such as no writer of fiction would dare attempt. It has also the particular attraction that it illustrates nothing. De Lesseps perhaps carried to a triumphant extreme the French reliance on individual determination. But he was not a typical Frenchman of his time, nor indeed of any time. He was a man with a frenzy—projecting canals across an isthmus and then getting them built. Of course there is a good deal of history tied up with him. The Suez Canal turned the Eastern question upside down and created the problem of Egypt into the bargain. British statesmen come badly out of the story, Palmerston in particular—realising quite well that the canal would be of inestimable benefit to everybody, including English merchants, and yet resisting it because of the political trouble it would cause the Foreign Office. De Lesseps characteristically offered Palmerston a hundred thousand francs for every speech he made against the canal: "it is your opposition that will stimulate the flow of capital to the enterprise". The joke was poorly received. Over Panama de Lesseps applied much the same method. Since he was not interested in making money either for himself or for the shareholders, he had no objection to paying the "chequards" so long as they would whip up interest; and the outcry over the Panama scandal baffled him. He did not care whether the money had been lost, but only whether the canal was being built; and he would have succeeded at Panama if it had not been for the yellow fever. Human will is no good against mosquitoes.

This new biography is a steady, conscientious work. Mr. Beatty makes no claim to originality.

He draws sensibly on the French authorities, particularly on the large book which M. Edgar-Bonnet published in 1951. With their aid, he builds up an effective account of perhaps the most extraordinary story in the whole human record.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Diagnosis

Juvenile Offenders Before the Courts. By MAX GRÜNHUT. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Delinquent Boys. By ALBERT K. COHEN. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

1,000,000 Delinquents. By BENJAMIN FINE. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

Borstal and Better. By RICHARD P. MAXWELL. *Hollis & Carter.* 16*s.*

Cell 2455, Death Row. By CARYL CHESSMAN. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

Murder Story. By LUDOVIC KENNEDY. *Gollancz.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The worry that unites these otherwise strongly individual books is juvenile delinquency; which, like most complaints, is irrationally less frightening once we have all agreed to call it something. In Dr. Grünhut's book, which will become a classic, juvenile delinquency means children between eight and seventeen found guilty of indictable offences. His object, so far as the Juvenile Courts are concerned, is to "make the selection of treatment a conscious choice", instead of, as in many cases at present, a kind of magisterial reflex action; and for that purpose he compares the treatment of young offenders in 130 of the 134 Police districts of England and Wales over the three-year period 1948-1950. The differences are fantastic, typical being a probation rate of 95 per cent. for boys from eight to thirteen in Merionethshire as compared with 12 per cent. for boys of the same age in Rotherham. In two respects Dr. Grünhut's obviously unchallengeable figures will nevertheless be widely disbelieved. First, they show that the Juvenile Courts are considerably "tougher" now than they were in 1938. Secondly, they show that in five selected fields (Oxford, Oxford County, Newcastle, Swansea and the West Riding) "a high proportion, 70 to 80 per cent., of the boys came from good or satisfactory homes". Throughout this book a careful and significant distinction is drawn between "constructive measures" and punishment.

Dr. Cohen, who is professor of sociology at Indiana University, goes straight to the heart of the matter in his *Delinquent Boys* with the discovery that most youthful crime is "non-utilitarian, malicious and negativistic". He knows about the short-term hedonism of the street corner; and in immaculate if rather close-woven English he displays such an understanding of street-lamp smashing, stealing "just for the hell of it", and the importance of belonging to a gang that you can tell he was once a boy himself. He is able to write more speculatively than Dr. Grünhut because his juvenile delinquents include those who commit non-indictable offences and, even more liberally, those who are not caught.

Mr. Benjamin Fine, who is Educational Editor of the *New York Times*, was shocked into action when he heard the U.S. Attorney-General say, at the 1953 Convention of the National Education Association, that within the coming year one million American boys and girls would be "picked up by the Police". He sent out a questionnaire of his own to hundreds of schools, colleges, doctors, social workers and government officials, and then he spent a year going to see crime commissioners, youth boards, education authorities, parole workers, children's court Judges—and convicted young offenders. He made some harrowing discoveries, and his case-histories (many of them written by the children themselves) are vividly authentic. *1,000,000 Delinquents* is extremely readable—I relaxed into it and was enveloped by it: in every place where he suddenly becomes less readable, you find that it is because he is quoting

WOMEN'S TWO ROLES
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Alva Myrdal and Viola Klein

"This is the most realistic, responsible, and stimulating discussion of the 'woman's place' problem yet written."—*Times Educational Supplement. International Library of Sociology.* 25*s. net.*

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I found it a satisfying book . . . sensible and deeply interesting." HAROLD NICOLSON, in the *Sunday Times.* "Mr. Woodcock has given us the story of Proudhon's life in a straightforward, honest way." A. J. P. TAYLOR, in the *New Statesman.* 28*s. net.*

THE CHILD'S CONCEPTION OF SPACE
Jean Piaget and Barbel Inhelder

The authors investigate the order and manner in which children begin to imagine or visualize the various spatial entities and spatial characteristics of objects. *International Library of Psychology.* 42*s. net.*

ANALYSIS OF PERCEPTION
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A new and comprehensive neurological theory of perception based on an integration of the philosophical "sense-datum" theory with the neurophysiological account of perception. *International Library of Psychology.* 21*s. net.*

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A gripping new novel, based on fact, about an English woman doctor's part in the work of the French "underground" movement. "Tense and exciting." — (*Northern Echo*). 12s.6d.

MACDONALD

one of the experts (and, mercy upon us, how their jargon fences off their so much more significant work!).

As an autobiography, *Borstal and Better* is not very pleasing. As an anthology of small good deeds shining in a naughty world, of the incredible kindnesses shown by ordinary people to a heartless and peripatetic small-time crook, it ought to be the most heartening of all these books. It isn't, because it makes so miserably clear the futility of helping the criminal along the wrong road. "Like the Beast in the old fairy story," writes Mr. David Price, M.P., in a foreword, "the hardened criminal cannot become lovable until he has been loved." That ought to defy solution? But Mr. Richard Maxwell, in and out of approved school, Borstal, or prison from the age of thirteen until he was nearly thirty, has now retired from crime, married, and written the book that traditionally seals off such a life against any possibility of return thereto. His book illustrates two outstanding and controversial points. First, as Dr. Grünhut found, the "broken home" is being blamed a lot too much for delinquency. (Mr. Maxwell did not come from a broken home himself, though his publisher's blurb unaccountably says that he did.) Secondly, as all these books make abundantly clear, probation is not being used nearly enough.

But probation, if Mr. Caryl Chessman's account of his own "parole officer" is reliable, is developing even more slowly in America. (Mr. Benjamin Fine says that half the Juvenile Courts in the U.S.A. have no probation facilities, and that only 11 per cent. of American probation officers have professional training anyway.) Mr. Chessman's few probation contacts, at the outset of a career which began with his discovery that "the good are defenceless" and then made a business of pitiless crime, were tragically ineffectual. For the past *eight years* he has sat in Cell No. 2455, Death Row, San Quentin Prison, California, under sentence of death for the few offences (they include kidnapping and rape) that he denies he ever committed. In those eight years he has read the hundreds of law books that have enabled him to sustain his horrifying struggle with the criminal procedure of the American Courts—the first round being fought to get access to the books themselves. In between rounds he writes books—he has just published another one—and listens to radio dramatisations of his own criminal exploits. And throughout this tautly written, nerve-racking *Cell 2455, Death Row*, he apostrophises the society which, with no shadow of excuse, he has terrorised for years:

> We're playing a game, Society. You against me. And the object of the game is very simple: I do what I damned well please and you see if you can stop me.

So this is a depressing and bewildering book; and even its author's conclusion that he is a psychopath is too easy.

Mr. Ludovic Kennedy's moving little play is founded on the case of Derek Bentley, hanged for a murder committed by Christopher Craig, who was too young to hang. The change of heart that takes place in the condemned boy might do something to support those who uphold the death penalty on the ground that it is "reformative", but the play has a passionate simplicity that haunts the mind—and is, in fact, more effective than the well-argued "Discussion on Capital Punishment" that concludes the book.

C. H. ROLPH

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MULLER

A Revolutionary Reactionary

Lokamanya Tilak. By D. V. TAHMANKAR. *Murray.* 21*s.*

Lokamanya Tilak was India's Parnell. He brought to the independence movement—hitherto a mild and gentlemanly affair—a new element of savagery and cold purpose, and, in doing so transformed a protest into a conflict. When he entered active politics in the 1880s Congress was already 12 years old and firmly set in a "reformist" pattern. Its wealthy, conservative members sought co-operation rather than conflict with the British Raj, and they were mesmerised into a slavish adulation of all things British. Had their leadership continued unchallenged, India might even now be under some form of British tutelage—or, alternatively, have passed into Communist hands. Tilak's life-work was to wrench Indian nationalism out of this sterile mould and to turn the distant vision of independence into practical politics. By sponsoring political education, by creating a vernacular nationalist press, above all by using religious fervour to bridge the immense gap between the Anglophile Brahmin politicians and the Hindu masses, he mobilised the forces which were, eventually, to become irresistible. By the time of his death, in 1920, "Home Rule" and "passive resistance"—together with a working alliance with the British Labour Party—were the guiding principles of Indian political action, and the stage for 1947 had already been set.

The British Government regarded Tilak as a dangerous social revolutionary and acted accordingly. He was twice imprisoned for sedition, both times on rather dubious grounds. On the second occasion Lord Morley, the Secretary of State for India, was led to protest to the Viceroy, and it is probably true that the Tilak prosecutions were decisive in destroying the myth of British judicial impartiality. Even more reprehensible was the part played by the India Office in Tilak's famous libel action against Sir Valentine Chirol of *The Times*. That the government should give Chirol every assistance—financial included—in a private action seemed to Tilak, as it must seem to us, monstrous; and his faith in Britain was finally undermined when an impassioned, chauvinistic speech by Carson led the jury to find unanimously in Chirol's favour. To the British Establishment Tilak was simply a destructive force, working against law and order, who had to be destroyed at all cost; and the Labour Party confirmed this impression by regarding him as a brother-in-arms in the social struggle.

In reality both were wrong. Tilak was a precursor of a now familiar figure: the right-wing nationalist. He personified the same spontaneous anti-western forces as Nasser, Mossadeq and Makarios. Mr. Tahmankar, in this thorough and well-written biography, is at pains to refute the view that Tilak was a reactionary; but the facts are against him. The British accusation that Tilak deliberately fanned the flames of hatred betwen the Muslims and Hindus is probably unfair; but he certainly exploited the religious fanaticism of his followers both to win mass support against the British and to enlist the help of influential orthodox Brahmins. He stoutly maintained that any social reform should be resisted until political freedom had been secured. He fought a bitter, though unsuccessful, campaign against the government's attempt to make child-marriage illegal, and he sabotaged Pandita Ramabai's scheme to foster the education of women, on the grounds, probably unfounded, that she was exploiting her school to obtain converts to Christianity. How far Tilak was guided by tactical considerations and how far by personal convictions is problematical. Certainly his private life was far from enlightened. His own wife was illiterate; and Tilak, though a prominent educationalist and scholar of international repute, made only one brief, ineffectual attempt to instruct her.

Yet he was probably right in believing that social reform would retard, rather than hasten, independence. He was the first prominent Asian leader to recognise that instinctive nationalist urges could only triumph when harnessed to some brand of fanaticism; and most of his successors have been forced, often against their will, to bow to this central truth. Whether the fanaticism is inspired by Mahommed, Siva or Marx is, in the short term, immaterial. Without it, the mass mobilisation necessary to overwhelm western technology and organisation cannot be accomplished. The tragedy of modern Asia is that its leaders should have to choose between these doctrinaire extremes. The blindness of the West has usually forced them to give up the search for a middle way. Burma is, perhaps, an exception; and there are some grounds for hoping that India, whose road to independence has been smoother than most, is another. It is more likely, however, that India's choice has simply been postponed by the historical accident of Nehru; and that, when he retires, the doctrines for which Tilak stood will represent the only alternative to those of Mao Tse-tung.

PAUL JOHNSON

The Japanese Tradition

Anthology of Japanese Literature. Compiled and edited by DONALD KEENE. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s.*

A Lady Koma had very long hair, an agreeable lady in those days; now she has become like the bridge of a lute which has been immovably fastened with glue. She has gone home.

It is very tiresome when a lover who is leaving one at dawn says that he must look for a fan or a pocket-book that he left somewhere about the room last night. As it is still too dark to see anything, he goes fumbling about all over the place, knocking into everything and muttering to himself: "How very odd!"

One should never make a show of having a deep knowledge of any subject. Well-bred people do not talk in a superior way even about things they have a good knowledge of. It is people who come from the country who offer opinions unasked, as though versed in all manner of accomplishments. Of course, some among them do have a really enviable knowledge, and it is their air of self-conceit which is so stupid.

The man who used to live here had most refined tastes and did not clutter up the house even with objects of art.

These four quotations are chosen at random from Lady Murasaki's diary, from *The Pillow*

Book of Shei Shonagon, from Yoshida Kenko's *Essays in Idleness*, and from a *Prose Poem on the Unreal Dwelling* by the great poet, Matsuo Basho. The first two writers, court ladies, flourished in the tenth and early eleventh centuries; the third, a Buddhist monk, in the fourteenth century; and the last, the greatest master of the *haiku*, in the later seventeenth century. Japanese literature sprang into existence, at a time when vernacular European literature hardly existed, with an extraordinary courtly ease and refinement, a tone of fastidious disengagement, for which the nearest European equivalent, perhaps, might be the letters of Horace Walpole or Madame du Deffand. It is usually very late in the history of any literature that writers become obsessed with manners, with the definition of a fleeting mood, the attempt to pin down the impalpable. That was how Japanese literature started, and on the whole went on. Across the centuries, these four writers talk to each other in the same tone of voice. They are concerned to avoid the crude, the vulgar, the obvious. They are in a sense ruthless. Lady Koma had very long hair, but she has become a bore. Lovers are all right, but they ought not to knock about the bedroom clumsily in the morning. It is all right to know something, but one must not show off about it. Objects of art are all right, but they must not clutter up a room. The European reader, fascinated but intimidated, begins to feel that he is all thumbs. "The red-haired barbarians do not know where to place their feet."

In this single quality of refinement, it seems to me very probable that Japanese literature excels all the literatures of the world. A high price, of course, is paid for that quality. The moment caught, for instance, in the *haiku*, is the moment that is almost not there, the vanishing moment:

> Mountains and plains,
> all are taken by the snow—
> nothing remains.
>
> "Marvellous!" I say,
> and with each single thing I see
> springtime fades away.

The syntax of the *haiku* is so vague and suggestive that there is a wonderful game of linked verses in which three or more poets compose alternate verses of 7,5,7 and 7,7 syllables, each linked to the last one and the next one, but with the subject matter gradually changing. Mr. Keene's example, in *Three Poets at Minase*, is this:

> Except for you
> Whom could I ever love,
> Never surfeiting?
>
> Nothing remotely suggests
> The charm of her appearance.
>
> Even plants and trees
> Share in the bitter grief of
> The ancient capital.

If the couplet is taken with the first three lines it refers, as Mr. Keene says, to the poet's delight in his mistress; if with the next three lines to his distress at the destruction of the old capital. Thus any three links in linked verse ought to separate into two complete poems. The English reader is baffled by something that seems at one level an ingenious parlour game, that seems to set at defiance all our Western notions of unity of subject in a poem, and that yet, even in translation, moves one with a kind of precise vagueness. The *haiku* is so intrinsically ambiguous, indeed, that it can be suggested to the poet that his *haiku* would be more moving if he meant something other by it than he does. Mukai Kyorai wrote a poem:

> The tips of the crags—
> Here too is someone,
> Guest of the moon.

Basho asked Kyorai what he had in mind. "One night," replied Kyorai, "when I was walking in the mountains by the light of the harvest moon, composing poetry as I went along, I noticed another poet standing by the crags." Basho replied: "How much more interesting a poem it would be if by the lines, 'Here too is someone, guest of the moon' you meant yourself. You must be the subject of the verse."

To anyone who can lose himself with pleasure in such delicacies Mr. Keene's comprehensive anthology can be thoroughly recommended. There are the more ancient poems, too, of the *Man'yoshu*, a fragment of Lady Murasaki's wonderful novel, some No plays and a famous puppet play, and Mr. Keene's introduction and notes are extremely readable and informative. One's final impression, perhaps, is of a civilisation that crystallised very early and did not, till the impact of the West, suffer any fundamental change in its basic ethos. There was a background of recurrent violence, that one gets recorded, for instance, in the Kamakura saga, *The Tale of the Heike*, and that fascinated the Kabuki dramatists; deeper than that, there was the Buddhist desire for atonement that comes out in the No. One's final impression, perhaps, is of a civilisation that, like Kyorai, "walked by the mountains by the light of the harvest moon, composing poetry as it went along."

G. S. FRASER

Genetics and the Atom

Genetics in the Atomic Age. By CHARLOTTE AUERBACH. *Oliver & Boyd.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

In 1927 H. J. Muller, the distinguished American geneticist, announced that X-rays produce mutations in the germ-cells of fruit-flies, and soon afterwards he began to warn the public against the dangers of this and other types of "ionising radiation." Today, as well as the aids to medical diagnosis and treatment which were the source of Dr. Muller's concern, we have the bombs and their products on the one hand and "atomic" power plants on the other. What effect will they have on the inherited qualities of our descendants? Dr. Auerbach's short book is designed to give non-biologists the minimum knowledge of genetics they need to understand the significance of this question, and the difficulties which arise from trying to answer it.

Ionising radiation damages especially the dividing cells of the body: hence follows its use against the cells of cancerous growths which have shaken free of normal restraint and are multiplying and invading healthy tissues. The radiation sickness of the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was largely or wholly due to damage to the continually dividing cells which produce blood corpuscles. But damage may result without making the irradiated person ill—damage to the cells which become eggs or sperm; if this is severe, complete sterility may result. The lowest doses which produce detectable results in experimental animals damage the germ-cells without killing them: in mammals, a high proportion of embryos may then die before birth, and among the descendants of the irradiated animals there is an increase in hereditary abnormalities and defects.

"It seems safe to say," writes Dr. Auerbach, "that no dose is so low that it will not cause mutations or chromosome breaks in proportion to the number of ionisations which it produces." It follows that a given "dose" of X-rays or similar radiation will have the same deleterious effect whether given in high intensity very quickly or in low intensity or intermittently over a long period. Ionising radiation is not like a poison, harmless given in small amounts spaced out in time; nor can one develop an immunity. Every release of radiation from the fall-out of a bomb explosion must have *some* effect on the genetical endowment of the human species. For radiological workers there is a "permissible dose" of radiation; but this is designed to ensure that the worker himself remains healthy, not to protect his descendants from the effects of deleterious mutation of his genes.

Although mutation is the prime source of the genetical variation which has made evolution possible, it is still true that nearly all mutant genes have ill effects; but most of these genes influence development only if they are accompanied by another, similarly mutated gene sup-

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plied by the other parent. Thus the children of an irradiated person may carry such (recessive) genes without detection; only in later generations, by the chance of mating, will their effects become evident.

> It has been estimated that every one of us carries at least eight harmful genes which, on the road from mutation to extinction, cause a host of minor complaints of body and mind. Any additional mutations which man himself produces through ionising radiations will increase the sum of genetic deaths and genetically caused major and minor disabilities.

Dr. Auerbach's book is not only—as would be expected—scientifically sound and accurate; it is also exceptionally concise and lucid, an outstanding example of popular writing on a subject on which we all ought to be informed.

ANTHONY BARNETT

No Apologies

An Edwardian Youth. By L. E. JONES. *Macmillan.* 18*s.*

"We" and Me. By J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT. *W. H. Allen.* 21*s.*

Cities and Men. Vol. III, 1924-54. By SIR HARRY LUKE. *Blus.* 25*s.*

One Marine's Tale. By GENERAL SIR LESLIE HOLLIS. *Deutsch.* 15*s.*

To be spared enough health and memory in old age with which to recall the triumphs of one's earlier days may be regarded as the crowning satisfaction of a successful life. The average age of these four autobiographers is 73; they have all enjoyed in a high degree what the world reckons as success (two have been knighted for their services to their country, one is a baronet, and the oldest is a Companion of Honour); each of them feels free and eager to tell us all about himself; yet not one seems able to remember a single regrettable action. Perhaps there lies the secret of success!

For the underprivileged, who suffer an occasional personal misgiving, the most sympathetic reminiscences come from Sir Lawrence Jones; for this disarming writer attributes his four glorious years as an undergraduate at Oxford half a century ago not to any outstanding qualities in himself, but to a run of luck. The same good fortune that despatched him to Eton for the pleasures so well described in *A Victorian Boyhood* promoted him to Balliol. A scholarship examiner providentially fished his papers out of a waste-paper basket and awarded him a Brackenbury Exhibition. At Balliol, in Edward VII's time, all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. The dons were a set of marvellous men, "Fluffy", "Sligger", "A. L.", "J. A.", "Jimmy", and all the rest of the endearing nicknames; while the undergraduates were terrific, particularly the members of the Annandale Society, to which Sir Lawrence Jones was, as an Old Etonian, almost spontaneously elected. When they ran riot after one of their carousals, or one of them cracked a stockwhip round a Parsee gentleman's head, the whole College was convulsed with delight—or so it appears in rosy reminiscence 50 years later. Yet these frisky undergraduates were to prove themselves heroes when the time came; and those who survived the 1914 War have made great names for themselves from the pinnacles of the Foreign Office to the far forests of Assam. Sir Lawrence Jones's luck carried him into the thick of the fun; he knew all the right people, heard all the right stories, and has been luckier still in remembering them. Furthermore, he was an athlete, gained his rowing Blue as a freshman and became President of the O.U.B.C. Nor did he neglect his studies entirely. With "Fluffy's" coaching he got a History First. To use Sir Lawrence's own engaging phrase, in 1907 he was probably "as well met in the Quad as any man". After Balliol a certain flatness inevitably supervenes. Sir Lawrence took up law, married Lord Grey's daughter, and presumably consolidated his position as "a lifelong player of second fiddles". Yet how lucky he has been! But for "Fluffy's" casual interest in that waste-paper basket he might have gravitated to Trinity College, Cambridge, and played second fiddle there to Edwin Montagu or even Lytton Strachey. That might have resulted in *An Edwardian Youth* of a very different hue. Whatever one may think of Sir Lawrence's nostalgia for pre-war values, his loyalty to friends of his youth does him credit, his uncompromising candour deserves every respect; and his prose is as smooth and immaculate today as was his blade-work when he rowed No. 5 in the crew that beat Cambridge fifty-one years ago. In the most difficult art of autobiography he can be heard playing first fiddle at last.

In *"We" and Me* Mr. Robertson Scott, a veteran of journalism, combines biography and autobiography in a hotch-potch of complacent retrospection. Impressions of bygone editors and fellow-journalists, J. A. Spender of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Edmund Garrett of the *Cape Times*, Ernest Parke of the *Star*, H. W. Massingham of the *Daily Chronicle* and the *Nation* and F. C. Gould the cartoonist have been loosely compiled from the author's personal knowledge and extended by pious contributions from their surviving acquaintance. There are a few good stories; but the general impression conveyed is that a kindly moss has grown over memories of these energetic men and had better not be disturbed. When he turns to his own editorship of *The Countryman*, Mr. Robertson Scott is far more terse and informative. To start a new monthly magazine with a capital of £500, edit it from a remote house in the country, and raise the circulation from under 1,000 to 54,000 in 25 years without ever losing money was certainly a notable feat in journalism. And Mr. Robertson Scott reveals how it was done—by the enthusiasm of volunteers, by originality of ideas and by very astute commercial enterprise and self-advertisement. If rising circulation be taken as the test of an editor's worth, Mr. Robertson Scott is right to regard himself as the champion of our time—and he does not hesitate to imply as much.

The third volume of Sir Harry Luke's autobiography covers twenty years of official activity in the Colonial Service and ten years of retirement. A map on the end-papers of the book illustrates the wide extent of his travels during this period. On duty he was stationed in Malta, Palestine, Sierra Leone and Fiji. But he took advantage of his leave and his leisure to cross oceans and visit continents where he had no official business out of an admirable spirit of curiosity; and wherever he went he brought an observant, judicious and well-educated eye to bear on the inhabitants and scenery. As an intelligent travel-book *Cities and Men* is delightful, or even as a guide-book either to Maltese politics or to such out-of-the-way places as Easter Island and Juan Fernandez. But what of the traveller himself? Sir Harry must be charming—he has so many friends. He must be cultured—he quotes poetry so often and can put a Greek name to a botanical specimen. He was a devoted son: there are touching accounts of his father and mother on the occasion of their deaths. He is a fond brother and a proud father on textual evidence. Yet otherwise he seems to be a distinguished public servant with no vestige of private life. There is something disembodied about his writing, as if he were still sending in factual reports for scrutiny by higher authority.

"The Corps gave me my bread and butter—with quite a lot of jam on it too." With these simple words General Hollis concludes his *One Marine's Tale* and they sum up his book. The General should have had an interesting life, as he was Staff Officer to Sir Winston Churchill during the war and Secretary to the Chiefs of Staff as well. He is not trying to be discreet: he tells all the stories, good and bad, that come to his mind. But the satisfaction of beating his gallant sword into a serviceable pen has been denied him.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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expanded from a small clothing store in Liverpool in 1856, to larger Liverpool stores and from there to Manchester and Birmingham, became increasingly diversified. Lewis realised that, as Zola put it: "... the strength of the department stores is increased tenfold by the accumulation of merchandise which lend support to each other and push each other forward." He was wise in subscribing to the Polonius Theory of Financial Solvency, neither lending nor borrowing. But more than all this he was a superb showman. The *Great Eastern* triumph was simply one of many —the Penny Readings, the Pass Books, the Two-Shilling Tea Campaign, the flooding of the Manchester store's basement (gondolas provided) to show the delights of Venice, those crowd-pulling distorting mirrors erected along the store's frontage, the balloon-stunt, the bands, the circuses—so that the public wondered what on earth he'd do next. In 1880 and 1881 he spent ten per cent of gross sales on advertising and if any household in the North of England hadn't heard of David Lewis, then it must have been dead to this world. He had succeeded not only in establishing departmental stores but, which made him unique, in creating chain departmental stores, all, moreover, in the provinces.

After his death the business remained in the family and in the provinces until, in the Twenties, Frederick Marquis arrived and, in 1951, Selfridge's was acquired in London. Since the Twenties there has been a steady expansion but if this later period exercises less fascination it is not through any fault of Professor Briggs: modern financial and managerial methods have a well-lighted, antiseptic look which rather deodorises the bizarre. The Earl of Woolton, Frederick Marquis that was, who, in his different way, has made just as remarkable a contribution to the development of the departmental store as David Lewis, writes the preface to this centenary history. It would, though, be a pity if the concept of the Earl as people's friend, your friend and my friend, were to deter anyone from going further into this book, since it is an extremely entertaining and valuable piece of social history and as lucid a statement of the complexities of the retail trade as one could wish.

W. JOHN MORGAN

Gramophone Records

THE DGG Archive recording of Bach *St. John Passion* performed by the Thomanerchor and Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig conducted by Günther Ramin is not without its defects. Occasionally a vocal line is inadequately maintained, sometimes the trebles and altos seem as if they were about to falter, and, apart from Ernst Haefliger's well-sung Evangelist, the soloists are not particularly distinguished. But in every other respect this is a most exciting affair. The recording, which is on three discs, is first-rate, lucid and rounded in sound, and the balance between choir and orchestra and orchestra and harpsichord seems to me exemplary. And then there are the boys' voices. It is difficult adequately to describe the fundamental difference that the clear yet robust tone of German trebles (far removed from the flutey cloistral sound of some English choirs) makes to the entire choral texture. Ramin's approach is dramatic, yet not exaggeratedly so, just as it is "musicological" with no feeling of cobwebs. The core of the liveliness that infects the whole performance lies in his exhilaratingly buoyant rhythms, which are none the less never driven to excess. And added to all this is a most vivid pictorial imagination. Anyone turning, for instance, to the chorus "Lasset uns den nicht zerteilen," at the beginning of the fifth side, will, I am sure, immediately perceive the way in which all these virtues—dramatic truth, rhythmic life, balance, lucidity of texture, the earthy quality of the boys' voices—come together in a remarkable performance.

If this *John Passion* makes one a little impatient of Dr. Jacques's heavily upholstered performances, the four-disc Oiseau Lyre *Matthew Passion* serves as a reminder of their solid efficiency and competence. I found this a villainous recording of a poor performance by the choir of the Dreikönigskirche and the Collegium Musicum of Frankfurt under Kurt Thomas. The sound is thick and cloudy, thus destroying at a stroke the virtues of the small forces Thomas uses. The conductor's tempi are lethargic and unvaried, and his idea of "vivace" is hardly lively. The choir is sluggish and there is no precision in their attack. The chorales, whose tempi Ramin varies to fine effect, are lumbered out in the dreariest manner. Finally the soloists are hardly up to recorded standards. How a recording company can issue a performance of the Matthew Passion in which the marvellous movement of parts in "Truly this was the Son of Man" is so imperfectly audible, is beyond me.

Telefunken have issued on ten-inch discs some fresh and lively unaccompanied performances of Bach Motets by the Berlin Motet Choir under Günther Arndt. I much enjoyed one that contains "Lobet den Herrn" and "Der Geist Hilft". The recording is spacious, if somewhat marred by a husky fizz around the voices, but the sides are unduly short for LP. Vanguard have published on a 12-inch record two cantatas—"Widerstehe doch der Sünde" (No. 54) and "Vergnügte Ruh" (No. 170)—performed by the Leonhardt Baroque Ensemble and Alfred Deller. Deller's ornaments and his skill in negotiating a florid line are remarkable. But whether or no one cares for his quality of voice, it is, it seems to me, rather lacking in the dramatic over-tones that one looks for in much of Bach's vocal music, and his enunciation of German is uncertain in recitatives. The general standard of the performances is competent if unremarkable.

The conductor, Gustav Leonhardt, has recorded the Goldberg Variations on another Vanguard disc. He plays the harpsichord in a clean, efficient and unmannered fashion that is enjoyable in quick-moving music. But he seems curiously unable to come to grips with the more emotionally searching variations. The elegiac sadness of the fifteenth is quite lacking and the performance takes on a heavy, almost pedantic air. None the less he does in his rather measured way catch much of the brilliance and high spirits of the concluding variations. The recording seems to have an undefinable background noise, so that the music does not, as it were, emerge out of silence.

Ducretet-Thomson have issued the four Orchestral Suites played by the Munich Pro Arte Orchestra conducted by Kurt Redel on two 12-inch discs. The performances are competent enough, there is a welcome absence of romantic veneer and the balance between a small orchestra and harpsichord is good. But because we are musicologically virtuous these days, are there to be no more cakes and ale? No one wants the nineteenth-century manner here, but does the phrasing have to be so aggressively unsensuous? Apart from a booming timpani and an overloud trumpet in the Third Suite the recording is fair, although a bit hard on top. Vox have issued a record containing the C major and C minor two Harpsichord Concerti played by Helma Elsner and Rolf Reinhardt accompanied by the Pro Musica String Orchestra of Stuttgart, as well as the D minor concerto for violin and oboe. This last work is an earlier version of the C minor harpsichord concerto and the comparison between the work in its two guises is not without interest, notably in the slow movement, where the violin and oboe are of course more successful in sustaining the melodic line, and they are thus able to take it at a rather slower tempo. The performances are decent and the recording just adequate. Arthur Grumiaux shows his usual artistry and stylistic sense in performances of the A minor and E flat violin concertos. But he gets a pedestrian accompaniment from the Guller Chamber Orchestra and the recording on a ten-inch Philips disc is really rather coarse and boxy.

Finally, three Beethoven recordings. I find it difficult to write temperately about Klemperer's Eroica on Columbia, so overwhelming is this noble reading. Nothing is hurried or pushed, yet the performance generates extraordinary power. Every detail finds its proper place, yet the whole has a magnificent symphonic urge. The effect of Klemperer's ability to hold a pulse throughout a movement as vast as the opening allegro is in my experience equalled only by Toscanini. Finally, for all its intensity the music retains its essentially early nineteenth-century quality. To speak of the recording of such a performance is almost a frivolity. But it is, as a matter of fact, very spacious, if not always altogether fine-grained, and it has a particularly large dynamic range.

Heaven knows how one decides between two performances of the E flat Septet. The Vienna Octet get a more mellifluous recording on Decca, their strings are better and they do the trio of the scherzo exceedingly well. None the less I prefer the Nixa recording of the rather more rustic performance of the Barylli Quartet and the Vienna Philharmonic Wind Ensemble. Wlach's superlative clarinet playing in the adagio, the robust manner in which the minuet is taken and the fact that Decca do not print the title of a record on the spine of its sleeve (who ever heard of a book similarly produced?) just, but only just, tip the balance. Beethoven's splendidly fiery incidental music to Goethe's *Egmont* played by the Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Scherchen is available on a Ducretet Thomson disc. The recording is overloaded in the loud passages, but the performance is exciting and dramatic except for Scherchen's propensity for over-driving his climaxes with a sort of febrile frenzy that is far from Beethovenian.

PETER HEYWORTH

The publication date of Michael Campbell's novel, *Peter Perry* (Heinemann, 13s. 6d.), noticed in these columns last week, has been postponed.

VOX

August Releases

BACH, J. S.
Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra No. 1 in D minor (BWV 1052)
Concerto for Harpsichord and Orchestra No. 2 in E (BWV 1053)
Helma Elsner, harpsichord—Pro Musica Orchestra, Stuttgart (Reinhardt)
1-12in. record PL 9510

MOZART
String Quartet in F, K.158
String Quartet in B flat, K.159
String Quartet in E flat, K.160 (E-K.159a)
The Barchet Quartet
1-12in. record PL 8690

ROMANTIC OVERTURES
WEBER: Oberon—Der Freischütz—Euryanthe
MENDELSSOHN: Ruy Blas—The Hebrides
SCHUBERT: Rosamunde
Bamberg Symphony (Perlea)
1-12in. record PL 9590

STRAUSS, RICHARD
Metamorphoses for 23 Solo Strings
Four Last Songs
Christel Goltz, soprano—Pro Musica Symphony Orchestra, Vienna—Bamberg Symphony (Hollreiser)
1-12in. record PL 9400

STRAVINSKY
Concerto in D for Violin
Duo Concertant
Jeu de Cartes (A Card Game) Ballet
Soloists—Concerts Colonne Orchestra, Paris—Bamberg Symphony (Byrns, Hollreiser)
1-12in. record PL 9410

Complete catalogue from your dealer, or from

VOX PRODUCTIONS (G.B.) LTD.
231 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,379

Set by W. H. Zimmern

Walter de la Mare introduced a form of double limerick known as the Twiner: example—

There was an old Begum of Frome,
There was an old Yogi of Leicester;
She sent him a tulip in bloom,
He rolled his black eyes and he blessed her.
How replete with delight
Is a flower to the sight!
It brightens the day
And it sweetens the night.
Oh! if all the old ladies grew tulips in Frome,
How happy the Yogis in Leicester!

Readers are invited to compose a Twiner on this pattern about Eden and Gaitskell, Zatopek and Pirie, May and Johnson, Dors and Monroe, Ike and Nixon, or any other pair of celebrities linked in the public mind. Entries by August 14.

Result of No. 1,376

Set by Buzfuz

"Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night . . ."
The sage of Persia thus began to write
His thesis that since living makes no sense,
We might as well get elegantly tight!

So goes the "Busy Man's *Rubaiyat*" by H. S. Mackintosh. Competitors are invited to compose a Busy Man's *Hiawatha*, *Faerie Queene*, *Waste Land*, *Ballad of Reading Gaol*, or *Paradise Lost*—using, of course, the form of the original.

Report

The entry revealed a certain confusion as to what the busy man needs: those who dished up the essence of the work with a strong flavour of personal criticism were well on the right lines, but too much comment (or parody) to too little essence was held to be out of order. Such was Moy's *Waste Land*, beginning

The title-page is the cruellest part, stunning
Dull readers right at the start, mixing
Latin and Greek with a dash of Italian.

J. R. Till ignored the condition about style, but produced a very quotable entry

The City church has fallen down
Like Cleo from the barge she sat in,
And ditto almost every town
In Sanskrit, German, French and Latin.

A guinea and a half each to G. J. Blundell and Mary Visick; a guinea each to Stanley J. Sharpless, Rhoda Tuck Pook and Frank Sinclair. Commended: H. J. R., J. P. Mullarky, Allan M. Laing, M.E.

THE BUSY MAN'S FAERIE QUEENE

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plain":
Thus Spenser starts his long allegory.
He wrote but half of it, but in the main
His plot and purpose we can clearly see;
Which is, that twelve knights, good as knights can be,
Should every virtue loyally express
By slaying dragons, setting prisoners free,
And rescuing lovely damsels in distress,
Crying the while, with fervour, "Long live good Queen Bess!"

G. J. BLUNDELL

THE BUSY MAN'S WASTE LAND

Tiresias is the seeing man, considering
Typists in the dead land, reading
The Golden Bough, and going west in the spring.

Miss Weston, eminent littérateuse,
is known to be the craziest Graillist in Europe
with a wicked pack of mouldering images.

jug, jug, jug. And bottle.
drowned in a butt of malaise.

Busy man, whom death has already undone
on London Bridge or round behind the gasworks
consider Eliot who was once explicit as you.

HIC HAEC HOC

MARY VISICK

Spring's a lousy time, reviving
Heart-throbs one thought had been forgotten.
But life is like that, bloody
Awful when you stop to think about it.
Crawling, fog-bound, over London Bridge,
Going for a picnic up the Thames,
Stopping for a quick one in a pub,
Seducing a typist in a flat,
Tout c'est la même chose. La vie, c'est terrible.
Da.
Damn.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

THE BUSY MAN'S HIAWATHA

In this most inspiring saga
You shall read how Hiawatha
Ran a Welfare State of wigwams,
Wooed and won a squaw called Minnie;
Never even heard of cowboys,
Never scalped a missionary,
Lived the life since recommended
By the famous Baden-Powell,
Till the enterprising poet
After two-and-twenty cantos
Finally ran out of trochees.

RHODA TUCK POOK

THE BUSY MAN'S BALLAD OF READING GAOL

In gaol you get a lot of time
To ponder over sin
And more so when a man you know
Who did his mistress in
Will have to face the final count
And take it on the chin.

With Death you occupy your cell,
The night of his last nap
Before the tight-lipped hangman opes
His not so tender trap.
Next day you see the grave and think
"It's turf on that poor chap."

FRANK SINCLAIR

AUGUST

No Room in the Boot

IN THE ARMY a unit's G.1098 is a list of the arms, equipment and clothing with which it will be provided when it goes to war. The month of August seems a proper time to review the G.1098 of small children proceeding to the sea-side, for in many families the last minute discovery that there simply is not room for half of the stuff in the car annually causes a minor crisis. The smaller the child, the more it seems to need. Its actual clothes are contained in quite a modest suitcase; a rain-coat, a sun-bonnet and gum-boots are accessories which no fair-minded quartermaster could reject as superfluous. On the more operational side there are the water-wings, the shrimping-net, the sailing boat and, of course, the spade and bucket, with half a hundredweight of bath-towels in support.

Then come the impedimenta which are with us either—like the practically life-size Teddy bear or the assorted dolls—for sentimental reasons or as precautions against the child being confined to barracks by the climate. This category may include, according to age and taste, paint-boxes, packs of cards, clockwork trains, plasticine, games of skill or chance in large flat cardboard boxes, toy soldiers, carpentering sets, stamp albums, tops and what a quartermaster would call pistols, cap.

Shortage of space forbids the mention of a wide range of further possibilities, ranging from bows and arrows to a tricycle; and shortage of space generally—if there is more than one small child—results in a good many things being left behind. They never seem to be missed.

Among the things which certainly should not be left behind is the Midland Bank's booklet 'The Joys of Travel'. Packed with information of interest to holiday-makers, a copy can be obtained free from any branch of the Bank.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

City Lights

Gippy Tummies

Colonel Nasser, of course, has been calling the tune in stock markets. Oil shares have bobbed down and up vigorously to the Egyptian mambo, other movements have retained more decorum. Sterling has remained weak, and the official gold price has been at its highest level ever. Gilt-edged prices have continued to drift gently. The latest issue—£5m of debenture stock from the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation—was put out on the day that the news from Suez arrived. Four-fifths of it was left with the underwriters, and the stock has been quoted in the market at a discount of £2 on the issue price.

* * *

Company results are beginning to show the collapse of the hire-purchase bubble. The 13 per cent. drop in General Electric's profit is partly due to the slump in consumer goods sales. Hoovers' net profit for the first half of the year has fallen by 60 per cent. Great Universal Stores has managed to get its profit up a little, but for the moment the speculator's darling looks like staying on the shelf: there are so few stores left to take over.

The most conspicuous victim of the squeeze so far has been Canadian & English Stores. It seems a long time now since the company wore the air of cloth-cap Gussies. Its managing director, Mr. Harry Brooks, started off with New Day Furnishing (a company now not entirely unconnected with Robinson & Cleaver). Having built New Day up from scratch as a private venture, he sold the controlling interest to the de Stein group at the beginning of 1948; a few months later he resigned from his service agreement as managing director of New Day for "personal and domestic reasons." It was just about this time that he acquired control of a Lancashire chain of department stores with the

uninspiring name of Pooles Central Warehouse. By 1951 he had taken over a Canadian company in a similar line of business, and amalgamated the two firms as Canadian & English stores. In 1953-4, while H.P. and the stock market were booming, he sold shares in Canadian & English to the public through the Whitehead Industrial Trust for just under £4½m.

Without the squeeze, Mr. Brooks' second venture might have gone even better than his first. But now it has collapsed sadly. Profits have slumped from £1.8m to £245,000 and dividends, after being cut all round, are still only barely covered by earnings. Profits, in fact, have turned out to be just about half those forecast two years ago, and the ordinary dividend has turned out to be not 250 but 75 per cent. The total value of the shares Mr. Brooks sold to the public has dropped by well over a third.

In what looks like an attempt to make amends he has taken an unusual step. He holds £3½m of 5 per cent. unsecured loan stock in the company, interest payments on which are due to start in the spring. Voluntarily, since the accounts were made up, £1m of this has been cancelled.

* * *

Several commodity prices have gone up with the news from Egypt, particularly rubber and tin, stocks of which are fairly tight at the moment. But activity in the rubber market has a more solid foundation than tin. The present market price of many rubber shares (not only the small ones) represents no more than the value of the companies' cash and liquid assets—leaving nothing for the value of their property, let alone their ability to earn profits. Yet, with rubber at its present price, most producers must be making quite good profits at the moment, and the demand for land by smallholders, both in Malaya and Ceylon, is extremely strong.

This is a situation to interest a lot of people. Buy up a rubber company cheaply; its cash will pay most of the purchase price, its current earnings will provide a very high return, its land can gradually be sold at a high price to smallholders, and the company itself will be left as a valuable shell for some quite different business. The muddiness of the water has attracted a number of queer fish, and many rubber companies are becoming alarmed about their vulnerability to a bid. Some are doing their best to get the market price of their shares rather higher. Others are thinking hard about the possibility of amalgamation or capital repayments.

* * *

Buying of Standard has been going on steadily through nominee accounts since February: the mystery bidder hit the headlines for no particular reason some weeks ago, but has gone on buying sporadically since. Several possible companies have already denied any interest in Standards, and the directors have now taken the first steps towards asking the Board of Trade for an inquiry. Under the Companies Act, this can be held if 200 shareholders ask for it, and the Board of Trade agrees to appoint an inspector. The machinery has only been used three times before—most notably in the Savoy Hotel case three years ago.

* * *

The chairman of the Finance Corporation for Industry is all for Sir George Erskine and unorthodox measures to provide industry with funds for investment. He wants a new Macmillan committee to look into the whole subject, and puts forward an immediate suggestion of his own—that British banks should follow the practice of banks abroad and set aside a proportion of their advances for fixed, long-term loans to industry. To do this the banks would need a "chosen instrument"; the F.C.I. would be willing to oblige. In case his suggestion appears odd in the middle of a credit squeeze, the chairman puts forward the view that the squeeze cannot be meant to affect investment which will increase production. The Chancellor prefers to be less explicit.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 351 King-hunt In Baghdad

Once upon a time Harun Al-Rashid used to wander through the streets of his capital city disguised as a poor peasant the better to lavish benefactions on his people. Translating this story to the chess board the author of **A** wants us to spot the disguised Caliph and to see how he sacrificed himself in three steps. In other words: which of the White pawns is the K, and how to force a suimate in 3? This would seem to be easy enough for 5 points, but I almost blush to offer as much as 6 ladder-points for **B**. This is not a 3-mover nor even a mere 2-mover. It isn't a mate in 1 either, it is a mate in none, as it were, and I might as well add the very useful hint that the legal brains among our competitors should find it particularly easy to solve this unusual problem. Somewhat more combinative ingenuity may be required to earn the 7 points earmarked for **C**, for here some stringent conditions are imposed. White may neither move nor capture a P, and the mate must be administered by the Kt. It will, in fact, take ten moves to do so. As for **D**, a mere glance at this astonishing agglomeration of bishops may well frighten some competitors and make them wonder if there isn't some easier way of earning 8 ladder-points on a hot summer day. Let them take heart and remember that few things are quite as difficult as they look. True enough, the White K would seem to be in some immediate danger, but fortunately it is White's move and by some very energetic action, and sparing neither men nor horses (nor, indeed, bishops), he will just manage to save the day, even though it should take him just over 20 moves to force the draw. I may add the useful hint that, if this happened to be the title-piece a suitable headline might be provided by the word "strip-tease."

A: Shumov 1910

B: Hieronymus Fischer

C: B. Horwitz

D: J. Krejcik 1956

E: M. Liburkin 1947

F: F. Lazard 1929

After so much midsummer madness the more soberly minded competitors may well feel the urge for some honest endgame studies. **E** (a draw) and **F** (a win) are no bargains for 9 and 10 points respectively, the latter indeed, being far from easy.

Usual prizes. Entries by August 13.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 348. Set July 14

A: White should have played Q x Kt!
B: (1) B-B6 ch, P-Kt4, (2) K-R2, Q x Kt, (3) B-B3! Q-KB7, (4) B-K5! etc.
C: (1) R-QB2, Q x R, (2) B-Q8 ch, P-Kt4, (3) B-R5! Q-K7, (4) B-B7, Q-KB7, (5) B-Q6, Q-B5, ch, (6) P-Kt3 ch, etc.
If (1) . . Q-KB1 (so as to stop R-B5); (2) R-B4 ch, K-Kt4, (3) B-Q2 ch, K-B3, (4) R-KB4, ch., etc.

An easy lot and many correct solutions. Prizes shared by C. Allen, C. H. Brown, R. C. Butler, W. Goerke, W. T. Maccall, P. C. Wason.

ASSIAC

Send for this book

Worry and upsets between husbands and wives so frequently arise through lack of knowledge of modern family planning. This useful book deals frankly with many of the questions which too often have to go unanswered. Written in an understanding and straightforward way, PLANNED FAMILIES can help to resolve one of the commonest and most serious problems in married life. Every married couple should have a copy. You can get yours now — *absolutely free.*

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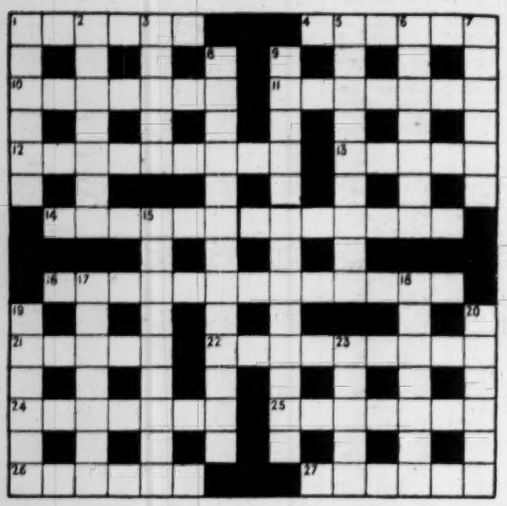
Week-end Crossword No. 210

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 210, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Aug. 14.



ACROSS

1. Spoil the secluded and fen-like (6).
4. Second among the prizes for songs (6).
10. Pass moderately softly when lions are wandering about (7).
11. The fighter in the broken rear is an esquire (7).
12. Woman adored man promiscuously (9).
13. Pie for a Wimbledon man (5).
14. Avoiding the standard sign of triumph (6, 7).
16. Material for Mrs. Hackney (13).
21. Revision of fares makes it freer from risk (5).
22. After ten in a London district the furniture is easily moved (9).
24. The wife studies a little bit (7).
25. Cad and liar turned politician (7).
26. Prefers to read something different (6).
27. Small change, by the sound of it, for a banker (6).

DOWN

1. A thousand I put to death and lose (6).
2. Put into fresh shape someone often on parade under the engineers (7).
3. Expression of surprise when there is nothing after college (5).
5. Heaps more muddle caused by the signalling apparatus (9).
6. Spill perhaps for one who dismounts (7).
7. Waters the shoots (6).
8. Dress for subordinate officers about to prepare for battle? (13).
9. Fighting men abandoned amid the cavaliers deployed under North (5, 8).
15. Is the lady's club for an author? (9).
17. The crime of a receiver (7).
18. After a hitch I scan a river (7).
19. "Not let the beetle, nor the death-moth be Your mournful ——" (Keats) (6).
20. Star part of the grandest in America (6).
23. Alaric or a royal house (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 208

C	R	E	A	M		G	I	B	R	A	L	T	A	R
R		V		U		A		A		N		O		A
O	C	E	A	N	U	S		N	O	N	S	T	O	P
S		R		I		E		N		I		A		I
S	T	E	A	M		S	W	I	V	E	L	L	E	D
B		S		E				S				L		
O	U	T	A	N	D	O	U	T		M	A	Y	O	R
W				T		F		E		A				E
S	L	I	P	S		F	E	R	D	I	N	A	N	D
		G				E				L		N		R
C	O	N	S	P	I	R	E	S		T	R	A	D	E
A		O		A		T		O		R		T		S
G	E	R	A	L	D	O		D	R	A	G	O	O	N	S
E		E		E		R		O		I		M		E
D	E	S	T	R	O	Y	E	R		N	O	Y	E	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 208

H. C. Escreet (Bexhill-on-Sea), Niall MacCarmaig (Port Appin), D. E. Dean (Blackheath).

PERSONAL

FRENCH girl will help home & children 3-4 months, pref. N.W. Lond. Box 6509.

ENGLISHMAN, 28, touring U.K. in Consul Sept. 1-16, with 2 yng. ladies, invites another yng. man to make up foursome & share exps. Starting Lond. Box 6521.

SECOND young man wtd. complete foursome. Spain by car, Aug. 25. Box 6514.

CAN anyone in London area offer interesting occupation to young schoolmaster free from August 27-Sept. 8? Anything reas. consid. Cash not primary motive. Box 6503.

2 car seats to Riviera evening Aug. 23/Sept. 11. Share exps. Box 6581.

AUG. 28. London-Basle. Co-driver, m. or f., wanted. Morris minor. Box 6523.

EDUCATED bachelor (young middle-age), seeks another to join him in taking unfurn. accom., country or London. Box 6282.

B'HAM. Disorg. socst. ménage req. hskpr. Church/col. no bar. 2 schlgirls., lightish hswk. Huge b/s & £2 p.w. Box 6467.

DR. WINIFRED de Kok (Mrs. A. E. Coppard) wonders if anyone can offer an unfurnished flat or part house with small garden to her son, wife & baby. Must be reasonable & in or near London. Box 6466.

MOTORIST (m.) will take expense-sharing passenger to Munich-Salzburg, Sept. 1-2, return appr. 18th. Box 6465.

2 places wanted in car, S. France, Sept. 1, ret. 16. Sh. reas. exps. AMB. 8569.

ALOPECIA. Anyone having received effective treatment, please write Box 6481.

STRAIGHT swap for summer holidays. Suffolk cottage (all mod. con.) for Lond. flat, suitable children. Barber. MUS. 8252.

FRANCE, Paris, Devon/Cornwall, Scotland or Ireland, August, Schoolmaster, 36, B.A., seeks company or join party, minimum expense. A.30 car in U.K. Box 6241.

THERE'S always something worth while doing (including doing nothing!) at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

DON (m.) reqs. cheap lift Italy end Aug. &/or ret. abt. Sep. 13. Box 6479.

FRENCH teachers vacating house nr. Grenoble wish exch. Glasgow Aug. 20-Sept. 15.: Cantinelli, 46 Pandora Rd. N.W.6.

NORWEGIAN (f.) and young Negro journalist now in Sweden seek two weeks' job, England or Eire, Sept. 14-30, farm/labouring, any outdoor work. Box 5405.

BOY, lively, 5½, requests safe holiday for 3-4 weeks with other children same age, country or quiet seaside pref. within 3 hours car London. Please offer friendly welcome & suggest adequate remuneration. Parents regretfully cannot accompany him. Box 6425.

CAN school cor.renient Epsom, Leatherhead, offer likeable girl, 7 (I.Q. 80) sympathetic teaching? B x 6394.

SEATS Riley tourer to Turin via Dijon & Chambery, Sept. 7-8, return 23. Share exps. LEY. 1600 w/ends.

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PERSONAL—continued

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CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia, Tossa, Torremolinos (Malaga), Portugal (Ofir). A 15-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these finest Mediterranean Paradise holiday resorts or to Portugal on specially advantageous terms, thanks to forward contracts. Prices from 44gns. all inclusive of air fares, board and accommodation. Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise to Corsica and Majorca for only 65gns., and a France-Spain leisure tour embracing the French Pyrenees, Andorra, Tossa, Barcelona and Montserrat for only 54gns. Write or 'phone for 52-page lavishly illustrated colour brochure with 5 maps, to Dept. 261, Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146, Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

CHASE the sun—to Spain, August vacancies from 15 days, £33. New Vistas Travel Service, 99 Uxbridge Rd., Hampton, Middlesex. Molesey 2105.

STILL time to book for our tour of Vienna, Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Depart Sept. 2. 14 days. 47gns. Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman Street, W.1. Tel. MUS. 8499.

SUMMER Holidays not yet arranged? We can offer you a few last minute vacancies on our parties to Cattolica, Italian Adriatic (Aug. 19 and Sept. 2), on Montreux house party (Aug. 26), a tour to Innsbruck, the Dolomites and Lido di Jesolo near Venice (Aug. 25) or our arrangements in Brittany (Aug. 17 and Sept. 1). We also have a limited number of vacancies for weekends or longer stays on our house parties by the sea in Sussex, Cornwall or Wales. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

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CONTINENTAL girls sk. domestic posts au pair or full time. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

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PERSONAL—continued

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EDIBLE females and dour males are equally welcome before the camera of John Vickers. 29B, Belgrave Rd., S.W.1. VICtoria 4915.

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SUMMER Holidays for Children. Trained supervision. Principal, Thanet House School, Callis Court Rd., Broadstairs.

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THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of "Good Sight Without Glasses" may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

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LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

WHERE TO STAY

HINDHEAD. The Rose House, small well-recommended vegetarian guest house overlooking golf course. Excel. food. Hindhead 389. Those musically inclined especially welcome during Prom period. Stn. Haslemere.

EDINBURGH: Accom. assured or arranged. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. (West End) Tel. 31905.

BUCKS. Tapping House Hotel, Great Missenden. A charming XVIIth-cent. house in the lovely Chiltern hills, just 1 hr. from London. Noted for comfort and excellent food. All bedrooms h. & c. Tel. 2516.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

CORNWALL, Treharrock Manor. Continental Holiday now midst loveliest beaches on Cornish Riviera. Remarkably sheltered. Few vacancies Sept. Glorious surf-bathing, Polzeath. Sun-bathing. Safe, golden sands. Fishing, boating, sailing in Italian-like villages. Salmon, trout. TV lounge, Billiards, Table-tennis. Children's room. Golf (St. Enodoc). Open all year. Select. Re-equipped. 5 hrs. London. 13gns., except July-Sept. Superb cooking. Excell. touring centre. Miss Wainewright, Port Isaac 234.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 20 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms & brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

HASSNESS Hotel, Buttermere, Cumberland, in the Lake District National Park. Open throughout the year. Reduced terms for Autumn and Winter holidays.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 1944, 33 rms. 200 yds. sea front, gdns., putting green, garages. Superlative food. Summer 9-11gns. weekly.

CORNISH Riviera (Central). In lovely country beside Fowey Estuary, 3 miles sea; modern comfort, notable food in Georgian Manor. Own woods. Fishing. Boating. Games Room. Peaceful, unspoilt beauty. Brochure S, Penquite House Hotel, Golant, Par. Tel. Fowey 124.

SHETLAND for a holiday that is different. 12gns. p.w. dble. H. & c. Home ckg. Norven Guest Hse., Lerwick. Vacs Sept. on.

ROTTINGDEAN, Brighton. Famous seaside village. Old Norton House, on the Green, offers plentiful and imaginative food, tasteful atmosphere. From 8½gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, M.P.

RYE. The Hope Anchor, R.A.C., A.A., approved. Licensed. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

QUIET holidays, 4 guests, 5 gns. Near sea. Vacancies Sept. Brooklands, Ninfield, Sussex.

SPEND your Autumn holiday at Highfield Veget. Guest Hse., The Heads, Keswick. Good food, friendly atmosphere. Tel. 508.

BLENCATHRA Guest House, Kingsdown, nr. Deal. (R.A.C. approved.) By golf links & sea. Own grounds, excellent food. 8gns. Kingsdown 225.

SUSSEX, 12m Eastbourne. Charm. guest house, everything home-made. Vegetarians welc. Fr. 6gns. Whinrig, Horam. Tel. 211.

BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

KYLEMORE House, Connemara. Reopened for season. Fishing at door. Ev. comf. Terms fr. 8gns. Maj. O'Brien, Kylemore 3.

BOOK now for your Sept. hols. in Hotel-Pension "Le Cerisier," Caux, s/Montreux, (Switzerland), fr. 17 per day, all incl.

HOTEL for international artists. English spoken. Houssey, Hotel de la Plage, Hennequeville, Calvados, Normandy, France. Three miles Deauville, renowned cuisine. Special arrangements for English. Not for tourists exclusively.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 5s. *per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.*

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

FEDERATION of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancies: Statisticians. Central African Statistical Office, Ministry of Finance. Applicants, under 35, must possess, or obtain this Summer, a First or Second Class Honours degree (or equivalent qualification) in Statistics, Mathematics, Economics or other appropriate subject. All applicants must have taken a University course in Statistics or have passed the examinations of an approved statistical society. Starting salary (men) £800—£1,100, depending on quals. and exp., on scale rising to £1,600; (women) £680—£840, depending on quals. and exp., on scale rising to £1,280 p.a. Senior posts, with salaries of up to £2,850, filled by internal promotion. N.B. As allowance can be made, in certain cases, for National Service in the assessment of commencing salaries, an Honours graduate without experience could start at £1,000 p.a. Application forms and further details from the Federal Public Services Attaché, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2. Closing date August 18.

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited from Honours graduates for 2 appointments. One preferable for a Nigerian for the Western Region, the other for the North. Appointments initially 3 years from January, 1957. Salary scales:—(a) Tutor (Grade II) £1,000×£50—£1,300 p.a. (b) Assistant Tutor £800×£50—£900 p.a. Entry point according to qualifications and experience. Allowance up to 3 children £50 p.a. per child resident in Nigeria or £100 p.a. per child resident elsewhere. Part furnished accommodation where available at rent up to 7.7 per cent. of salary. Passages for appointee, wife and up to 3 children under 11 years on appointment, overseas leave and termination. F.S.S.U. Outfit allowance £60. Basic tour 15-18 months. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by August 31, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Camberwell. Public Relations, Entertainments and Road Safety Officer. Salary, National Scale A.P.T. V (£825—£1,000 inclusive of London weighting), together with expense allowance of £100 per annum. Car allowance also payable if successful applicant has a car. Duties will include publicity for Council's activities, liaison with the Press, Road Safety, Municipal Entertainments and supervision of Information Centre and Community Centres. Local Government experience desirable. Appointment is permanent and superannuable. No housing accommodation provided. Application form which contains fuller particulars from Town Clerk, Town Hall, Camberwell, S.E.5. Closing date Wednesday, August 22, 1956.

CENTRAL Office of Information. The Social Survey Division require an Assistant Information Officer (unestablished) in the Coding Section where material derived from interviews is subjected to primary analysis for the research staff producing a variety of statistical reports. Duties include preparing systems for classifying data, and supervision of coding staff. Applicants should have a knowledge of statistical methods up to intermediate degree standard or be capable of acquiring it; previous experience of survey work would be an advantage. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience, rising to £1,000 (men); £888 (women). Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates) to AB.716, London Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

MARKET Research. Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain), Ltd., have an opening for a woman as a Senior Research Officer at the Head Office of the Company at Slough. The appointment will involve entire responsibility for a long-term research project requiring the setting up and training of a small field force. The successful candidate is likely to be about 30-35 years of age and have a sound university background with some knowledge of statistical method or mathematics. She will certainly be well experienced in the design and control through all stages of field surveys and/or consumer panels and have had personal experience in the field. The commencing salary will be dependent on qualifications and experience but will not be less than £1,000 p.a. Applications, in confidence, setting out full details and salaries earned, to Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain), Ltd., c/o 93 Park Lane, London, W.1, marking the envelope "Research Appointment."

MIDDLESEX County Council. Home Work Organiser reqd. to work in particular Areas of Middlesex (at present Central Area). Experience in dealing with handicapped persons, administrative ability & competence to teach handcrafts essential. Will have to seek work from commercial concerns which can be carried out by disabled persons at home or at a Centre. Salary, A.P.T. I (£560×£20 to £640 p.a. if 26 yrs. or over). Established, subject to medical assessment & prescribed conditions. Own car desirable, allowance payable. Particulars of age, education, special training, experience, to Chief Welfare Officer, 1, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, Dartmouth St., S.W.1, by August 21 (Quote T.337 N.S.). Canvassing disqualifies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY College, Ibadan, Nigeria. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited from Honours graduates with considerable experience of Extra-Mural work for post of Deputy Director. Appointment initially 3 years, from January, 1957. Salary scale £1,450×£50—£1,650 p.a. Allowance up to 3 children £50 p.a. per child resident in Nigeria or £100 p.a. per child resident elsewhere. Part furnished accommodation at rent up to 7.7 per cent. of salary. Passages for appointee, wife and up to 3 children under 11 years on appointment, overseas leave and termination. F.S.S.U. Outfit allowance £60. Detailed applications (8 copies) naming 3 referees by August 31, 1956, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CHILD Welfare Officers (2 women) (C. of E.) required owing to increased establishment. Diploma in Social Science or Home Office Certificate in Child Care; current driving licence essential; trav. exps. and subs. Salary A.P.T. I/II, according to experience, plus London Weighting; Superannuation. Supervision of boarded-out children aged 0-15 and After-Care girls 15 plus. Headquarters London. Apply in writing by August 20, stating age, qualifications, experience, enclosing testimonials and names of two referees, to the Secretary, Thomas Coram Foundation, 40, Brunswick Square, W.C.1.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required by L.C.C. for new post at two approved schools. Duties will mainly involve visiting the pupils' homes in London. Candidates should hold Mental Health Cert. or P.S.W. Certificate. Whitley salary (£495—£750, plus £30 London Weighting, if over 25) and conditions apply. Application forms from Medical Officer (PH/D.1/1514), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, to be returned by August 18, 1956.

COLONIAL Assistant. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant in the Commonwealth Section of the Labour Party. Some knowledge of colonial affairs and research experience desirable. Salary £600—£650. Application forms, which are obtainable from Mr. Morgan Phillips, Secretary of the Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, should be returned, together with specimens of written work, not later than August 31, 1956.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Librarian at the Saxondale Hospital, Radcliffe, Nottingham. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians and/or possess appropriate qualifications in social science. Salary £530×£20—£610 per annum. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Director of Education, County Hall, Trent Bridge, Nottingham. Closing date August 17, 1956. A. R. Davis, Clerk of the County Council.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Bethnal Green. Depot Clerk (male) required—temporary post. Salary within scale £300-£420 or £500, and with opportunity for further advancement to an ultimate maximum of £575 p.a. or £640 p.a., plus London Weighting. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable from the Town Clerk, Town Hall, E.2. Completed forms returnable by 10 a.m., August 15, 1956.

COUNTY Borough of East Ham. Senior Child Welfare Officer (Female). Applications are invited from persons holding the Home Office Child Care Certificate. Salary APT. II (£590×£20—£675, plus London Weighting). A salary in excess of the minimum may be paid according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and form of application (returnable by August 17, 1956) from Town Clerk, Town Hall, East Ham, E.6.

ASSISTANT Warden for Home of 26 old people at 9 Chaucer Rd., Cambridge. Own bed-sitting room, very pleasant surroundings & large garden. Some knowledge of nursing an advantage, but more essential good practical ability. State salary required.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Service of Youth. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the following full-time superannuable posts: 1. Warden, Chalfont St. Peter Youth Centre. 2. Leader, Orchard Youth Club, Slough. Salary according to Burnham Scale for suitably qualified candidates. Application forms and full details obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury.

SURREY Education Committee—Assistant Warden and Assistant Matron required at Starhurst Hostel, Chart Lane, Dorking. Responsible interesting, resident posts for persons with ability to help maladjusted boys of 10-15 years. Further particulars and form of application obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames.

NORTH Somerset C.L.P. invites applications for the post of full-time agent. The appointment to be made in consultation with the National Executive Committee. Salary in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms can be obtained from the National Agent, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1, to whom they should be returned not later than August 31, 1956.

NON-resident teacher (female) required for girl, 15½. P.N.E.U. System. London, N.W.11 area. Box 6341.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

JUDITH Lady Montefiore College and Theological Seminary, Ramsgate, have a vacancy for a resident Administrator (Jewish) experienced in youth leadership; married couple will be considered if wife able to act as Matron. Apply in confidence to the Secretary, 4, Heneage Lane, E.C.3.

JUNIOR Research Assistant required at Child Study Centre, 41, Brunswick Square, W.C.1 (a London University Department). Salary £400 p.a., tenable for 11 months; some possibility of extension. Required: some knowledge of elementary statistics and psychological testing; and some experience with children. Apply by September 1 with names of two referees.

APPLICATIONS are invited by the Friends of Magen David Adom in Great Britain for the position of Additional Organising Secretary-Fund-raiser. Experienced persons with the highest references should apply in writing to M. Landy, Esq., Chairman, 1-2 Hanover Street, London, W.1.

PERSONAL Assistant to owner of retail business of good standing. Congenial position for capable conscientious woman. Good English, typing & figure work essential. State age & details of career. Box 6434.

STUDENTS' Bookshops, Ltd., Booksellers, 4 Trumpington St., Cambridge, require a manager for their Cambridge shop. Previous buying experience essential, good knowledge of economics publications an advantage. Commencing salary from £600 according to qualifications and exp. Apply by letter.

ASSISTANT member club staff (7) needed early September. Particular responsibility for activities with young business women and men friends. Some relevant experience necessary. Age 25-35. £350-£375 p.a. plus meals on duty. Apply in writing to General Director, Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

HEADMASTER required in September to build up preparatory school near London. Small salary, flat and share of fees. Might suit retiring schoolmaster. Box 6522.

WOULD anyone enjoy helping matron to run Maternity Home for middle-class patients? Duties varied. Some cooking. Social gifts more important than paper qualifics. Interview London if reqd. Doriscourt Nursing Home, Whalley Range, Manchester.

GIRLS' club leader, full or part-time, for mixed youth club and children's club. For details of salary and pension scheme apply Organising Secretary, The Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, Marylebone, N.W.8.

MARRIED couple with pioneering spirit reqd. Man drive hire car, wife few hours daily small restaurant. Eventually manage both businesses. B/s. only avail. at present. Clayton, Alconbury, Hunts. Woolley 277.

TRAVEL Clerks. Young men 25-30 reqd. by South African Travel Agents in Capetown. Salaries ranging from £45-£55 per month. Apply to Southern Africa Settlement Association, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

CLERK/Typists & enterprising junior required for Collet's H.O. Interesting book import/export work. 5-day week. T.U. agreement. Holiday arrangements respected. CHA. 4756/write 44-45 Museum St., W.C.1.

INTELLIGENT sec./shorthand-typist reqd. by voluntary organisation, nr. Victoria Stn. Varied & interesting work. 5-day wk. 3 wks. annual holiday. Sal. £8 p.w. Box 6438.

CALDECOTT Community. Assistant Secretary wanted September, 1956. Educated girl interested school and social work. Car driving an advantage. Apply Miss Rendel, Marsham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

PART-time Assistant Secretary required by Scientific Institute concerned with issue of technical publications; about 20 hours weekly with opportunity for overtime. Applicant with administrative experience, a liking for interesting work, good knowledge of English or editorial work preferred. State experience and salary required. Box 6415.

FIRST-class capable and experienced person wanted by progressive firm to act as buyer, salesman and part managing. Car, business and export experience, knowledge of toy, stationery and publishing trade an advantage but not essential. Responsible position leading eventually to management. Write fully, stating age, sal. & exp. Box 6508.

AUTHOR-publisher requires "ideal" secretary, as would pass the new Chamber of Commerce standard. Literary, theatre or script-writing experience an advantage. Attractive personality and capable of interviewing. Interesting and progressive work, good salary and easy but unconventional hours. Central London. Please write fully, stating age, salary and experience. Box 6507.

THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERmirus 8566. Employment in schools, colleges, institutions, offices of societies, etc. Teachers, secretaries, social workers, housekeepers, matrons, etc. Posts vacant and wanted.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2 (Next Strand Tube). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.), Typewriting; Duplicating. TRA. 9090. Please note new address and telephone from Tues., Aug. 7, 1956: 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). TEM. 6644.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SEC. corresp. gen. duties, figures, used to responsibility, to run small office of mfg. & whl. advertising novelties. Closed Jewish hols. Convex, 41 Brecknock Rd., N.7.

TEMPORARY shorthand/typists required for odd days and longer periods. Good pay. Also copy typist. Phone HOL. 1984.

SENIOR shorthand/typist required immediately for Jewish welfare organisation. Good English essential & knowledge of German an asset. 5-day wk. Gd. sal. Box 6519.

£5 to £3,500. Appointments. Avian req. all staff. M/f, perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd. W.1. EUS 2579/2719.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand/typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2, Broad Street Place, Pinsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

SH/TYPS., copy/typs. Interesting work by the hour/day/week. Hall, Ltd., 32, Rupert St., Piccadilly, W.1. GER. 1067.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY, several years' experience national newspaper, seeks interesting and responsible post commencing Sept. Box 6491.

DOCTOR, disillusioned, frustrated under National Health Service, seeks change. Suggestions: Box 6445.

LADY seeks occupation as Research Worker for Author/Journalist. Box 6400.

LITERARY ghost free August; Sec. services for overseas authors. Box 6443.

EX-STDNT. shs. job home/abroad, especially France. Varied expnce. Box 6402.

DOMESTIC Staff! We always have available hard-working couples, mothers' helps, general domestics, cooks, chauffeurs, etc. Selected by our continental agents and branch offices and ready to leave continent now. Burnett Bureau, Ltd., 77 Dean St., London, W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

MUSIC you prefer when you prefer it with European Radio. Programme details of 25 continental stations with articles and pictures about the music and musicians. Fridays, 6d. Bookstalls/Newsagents. Or Eurap Publishing Co., Ltd., 137 Blackstock Road, London, N.4.

TUBERCULOSIS in U.S.S.R.—Tests, Vaccination, Treatment, etc., Soviet Medical Information Bulletin Vol. 3, No. 2. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or bookshops.

VOCATIONAL training in U.S.S.R. "State Labour Reserves" by P. G. Moskatov. Soviet Education Information Bulletin Vol. 3, No. 2. 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8, or bkshops.

EXCLUSIVE interview with Lady Mountbatten, by Ela Sen: Malcolm Macdonald on Indo-British relations: Letter from London, by Kathleen Nott: facts, fiction, photographs, book reviews, cookery; all in "Envoy" (August, 1956), Indo-British monthly, now on sale, price 1s., from all newsagents or from 48 Strand, W.C.2.

CONTENTS of August "Plebs." "Bernard Shaw—the Prophet of Fabianism," by Arthur Woodburn, M.P.; "What Would You Do, Mate?", by Brian Luckhan; "The N.C.L.C. Visits Austria"; "The British Muddle in Trade Union Education," by J. P. M. Millar; "Automation—Some Recent Studies," by J. J. Grey; "Industrial Law," by W. L. Taylor; "Socialism and Survival," by John Bright; Pars from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

INTIMATE family "Letters by Mrs. Marx," written whilst Karl Marx was working on "Capital." Never before published in English. In the August "Labour Monthly." Also: "A New Atmosphere," by the Belgian Socialist veteran Camille Huysmans; "Breakers Ahead," R. Page Arnot; "Crisis in Motors," Peter Kerrigan; "Technical Education and the White Paper," Charles Harrington; "The New Socialism," Sancho Panza. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half yearly postal subscription from N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 3d. monthly from all newsagents.

SECULAR Life. New monthly, pro free-thought and sanity, anti humbug & intolerance. Specimens free from Editor (NS), 244 Lauderdale Mansions, London, W.9.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

DEUTSCHES Antiquariat R. & B. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

NATURE Cure from the Inside, by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

PENGUIN to a library bought. Emphasis on Socialist bks./pamps. Van calls. Has anyone Borkenau's Communist Int'n'l? The Hammersmith Bkshop, Ltd., W.6. RIV. 6807.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), S., Sn. 5 & 8. "Trip to Bountiful." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. "Hold the Line" (a new farce), Fri., Sat., Sun. from August 17, 7.45. Mems.

NEW Lindsey, Notting H. Gate. BAY. 2512. Tu. to Sun. 8 p.m. Sat., Sun. 5 p.m. Hastings' "Don't Destroy Me" with Mankowitz' "The Mighty Hunter." Mems. 6s. 6d. Closing Aug. 12.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Aug. 5: "Helizapoppin" (U). Summer revivals. From Aug. 6: "Roman Holiday" (U). From Aug. 9: "Rear Window" (A).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. Aug. 5, 6 days. Audrey Hepburn, Sabrina Fair. U.

ANGLO-Continental Friendship Club. Mon. Aug. 6, 7.15-11 p.m. Grand Dance at Hillside Court, Finchley Rd. (nr. Westend Lane). Mems. 3s. 6d., guests 5s. 6d.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evenings every Tuesday & Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or 'phone PRI. 7479, evenings

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. BBC presents 62nd Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30, until Sat. Sept. 15. Tickets 8s. 6d., 6s., 4s. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. The State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Banqueting display of the Regimental Silver of the Royal Artillery. Open 10-8 daily incl. Sundays.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery. Collection of Mrs. Geoffrey Hart. Important Dutch, Flemish and English Paintings; Tapestries & Furniture. 10-7 week-days; 2.30-7 Suns.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan: Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6, 2s. 6d.

PICASSO. 50 years of graphic art. Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Aug. 6. Open Bank Holiday. Mon., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

"THE Family of Man": World's Greatest Photographic Exhibition, Royal Festival Hall. Weekdays 12-7. Sundays 2.30-6. Adm. 1s. Schoolchildren 6d.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Sq., W.C.2. Joyce Batty, John Dalton, Sannie Drew, Leonard Hunting, Joseph McGill, Anne Severs, Dennis Westwood.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Three new painters. 11-6 daily.

BEAUX Arts Gall., Bruton Pl., W.1. Summer Exhibn. Dly. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7, Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. Also: The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

THIS is Tomorrow—integration of the arts. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Opens August 9. Week-days 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Stn.

ARTISTS of Fame and Promise at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Till August 11.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. New Paintings by Georges Mathieu, incl. "The Battle of Hastings." Until Aug. 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closed Sun. Adm. 6d.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhibn., 1956. 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

AUTOUR du Cubisme. Arts Council Exhibition of 29 paintings from the Musée d'art Moderne, Paris. Tate Gallery. Open till Sept. 8, weekdays 10-6. (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Summer Selection. Annual Mixed Show. July 21-Aug. 18.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Aug. 8, 7.30. "Suez": T. E. M. McKitterick. 57, Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

INDIAN and Western Rhythm: Lecture and demonstration by Dr. Rosette Renshaw, well-known Canadian musician and composer, assisted by Hiron Chatterjee with demonstrations on the Tabla. Alliance Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. Thurs., Aug. 9, at 8. Free. Arr. by India Arts Society, 47 Strand, W.C.2.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on August 11. M. E. G. Larrivée (Alliance Française): "Les aventures d'un évadé."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Thurs. August 9, 8.15. Report on the Duke of Edinburgh's Study Conference by Leslie Julius. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

URCHFONT Manor. Select Residential Courses. Fri., Oct. 12-Sun., Oct. 14, "Geology in Wiltshire." Fri., Oct. 26-Sun., Oct. 28, "The Countryside in Autumn." Fri., Nov. 9-Sun., Nov. 11, "The Irish Literary Movement." Autumn programme from the Warden, Urchfont Manor, nr. Devizes, Wilts.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, John Clements, F.R.C.O., provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

LUTE, Viols, Harpsichord, Singing; tuition by Cecily Arnold and Marshall Johnson, 42 Castelnau, Barnes, S.W.13. RIV. 3587.

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